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"NO, IT IS NO DREAM-I AM HERE, CUPHBERT," SAID MARGARET, WITH TEARS IN HER EYES.

A STRANGE AGREEMENT.

[A NOVELETTE.]

CHAPTER I.

It was rejected—the dainty work of so many reary months—the darling child of Cuthbert Clitherce's brain, and the foundation on which he had built so many hopes and aspirations. Such a castic as he had reared—a stately edifice reaching to the very heavens, in which he was to presently dwell, with all his debts paid, and nothing to interfere with the production of many more pictures as lovely as the stately, yet laughter-loving Bastrice who was mercilessly bantering her Benedick in the foreground of his latest effort.

A prefer picture if not a grand one, and a

A pretty picture, if not a grand one, and a carefully and truthful painted one to boot. Yet, here it was, returned to him with the contemptuous coldness that always seems to accompany such rebuffs, and his castle of fine marble and

sumptuous gilding had fallen to the ground with

He was a true artist was Cuthbert Clitheroe, He was a true artist was Cutnoere Chanses, and there were pictures which, compared to his, were daubs of the vilest quality, hanging in conspicuous places on the walls of the Academy, to be gazed at in wonder and amazement by critical visitors, who wondered—as well they might—where the genius of the English painters was cone to.

was gone to.

Well they may wonder, year after year, when
the fearful and wonderful things that are displayed on the walls are chosen to represent some

of the talent of the country.

The painter of "Benedick and Beatrice" was

The painter of "Benedick and Beatrice" was an unknown man—a mere struggling painter of no mark in the world as yet; young and poor. Let him keep to his teaching and his working for dealers, and leave the eacred walls and galleries to better-known men!

All this passed through the tired brain of the unlucky painter as he sat alone in his expensive and untidy studio and surveyed the rejected canvas. It was just the same as when he had sent it in—his Beatrice smiled as gaily and his Benedick was as manly and as handsome as ever;

and yet how poor and rough it looked now that it had passed the ordeal of the hanging com-mittee!

And he owed for the frame, too-the frame that was to be paid for when the picture was sold—and for a great many other things as well —for the boots he wore, and the coat he had had on till a few minutes ago, when he threw it off for an old velvet jacket—which was not paid for either. But then it was so long ago that most likely the tailor that made it had forgotten all about it, and might never send his bill again, or think it an unnecessary and superfluous proceed-

There was hardly anything that he did not owe for—either in his studio or in the comfortless lodgings he called his home; and he had come somehow to believe that the Beatrice would be accepted and would be sold afterwards, and that he would recoup himself and pay everyone out of the proceeds.

out of the proceeds.

And it was all over. The thing would hang in his room for ever unless he sold it to some dealer—who would make a favour of buying it and expect to get it for the price of the curvas and ne colours-or pawned it, to see it exposed in the window for sale; for he would never be able to redeem it—a proclamation to all the world of

his importuniosity and despair.

He was a good-looking young fellow, this illused artist-even in the slovenliness of unkempt hair and a seedy working-suit of much-stain velvet. A bright handsome face and a well-knit figure were graced with an case of manner and a graceful carriage that might have belonged to a duke; and his voice was pronounced perfect by those who made voices a study and gathered their any do

ideas of character from sound—as ma-"I know I was born to be a lord! jestingly say sometimes when his instincts led him to something beyond his means—as they and yet my father was a shop very often did ! keeper, and my mother—bless her f—was a drudge at a butcher's desk when he saw her

and fell in love with her. Caste is all humbug, let people say what they will 1"

It seemed so, indeed, in his case; there was not the faintest approach to anything aristocratic in his parentage or bringing up. His parents, while they lived, had done their best to give him a good education, and the boy had profited by it to the very utmost. He was very quick and clover, and had they lived long enough to see him fairly started in the world he would have doubtless taken his place there as some respectable tradeaman, and worked his way as his father before him had dore.

Other relations he had none. His mother had been a foundling girl put out by the Coramstreet charity, and his father had had no brothers or sisters; and when he was left an orphan boy, with but slender means for his future advancement, the persons who took it upon themselves to look after his well-being spent the money in putting him to about as uncongenial a trade as

button could possibly find.

Perhaps they thought that to bind him to a draper's counter for the best years of his life was a good way of suppressing the artistic tastes that were already beginning to them themselves in him.

Anyway, they did it; and from that hour the lad made up his mind to take his life into his own hands, and have done with trade for ever.

All this was many years ago now, and he had acrambled on through the time somehow; always aiming at something more important than the desultory work he had been making a scrambling sort of living at. And now all his ambition seemed to have culminated in one immense failure.

He had been sanguine, and had managed to make his creditors sanguine with him; and a terrible load of debt and difficulty that had to be faced weighed him down as he made his way to his cheerless lodgings to spend the

evening alone.

A cup of tea, if you please, Mrs. Larkins; and comething to eat with it-I have had no dinner," he said to his landlady, who opened the door and who looked somewhat gloomily at him. She knew his fate already, for her son was one

of the servants of the Academy, and helped to hold up the pictures before the judges.

"I must have the money, if you please, Mr. iitheroe," she replied, shortly. "I'm that Citheroe,"—she replied, shortly... "I'm that pushed this week I can't provide for my gentlemen anylonger unless they give me something. It's gone on a deal too long with most of 'em, and

"The money-oh, yes 1" said Cuthbert Clitherce, feeling in his pockets—vain hope; and then, muttering comething about having left his purse in the atudio, he hurried away and turned the

in the studio, he hurried away corner of the street out of her sight. "In the studio—yes, I dare say," the woman aid, looking after him away. "A deal of that. He's gone to put that ring of his away, that's where he's gone. I won't get anything until he puts the price of it down before me; and then I oughtn't to, considering what he owes me. I shall never get it. I am a deal too soft-hearted, that's what I am !"

Her lodgers did not think her so; she had an uncomfortable sort of way of annexing things that could not be done without to secure her rent, or making unexpected and humiliating raids upon them when they had company that was very

disagreeable; but on the whole she was not so bad as some London landladies.

If anyone was ill she was a patient and untiring nurse; and she was scrupulously clean and honest—which good qualities covered a multitude of sins, and made her house bearable. She thought Mr. Clitherce proud and stuck-up,

she told her gossips. He did not confide his bopes and aspirations to her as most of her lodgers did; and when her son came home and told her the fate of the young man's picture, and certain other things he had heard about it having been the only resource he had to pay his debts, she resolved that what he own her then should be all he should ever owe;

and that if he didn's pay, out he should go,
As a beginning of what she intended to do she
refused to get him his tes, and sent him to the

pawhoroker's for the necessary means.
It stung Cuthbert Clitheroe to the heart.
He had been pressed enough before, but the commonplace rudiness of the woman seemed to put his position before him yet more clearly than it had ever been before him yet more clearly than a passionate wish that he was dead on his lips as

a passionate with that he was dead on his he as he turned away from her to seek the money that must be found before he could have food.

He had eaten nothing all day; he had been too much excited and soo restless to think of eating; and he had left his lodgings in the moraing with nothing but a single cup of coffee.

His was faint and weary now, and craved for

He was faint and weary now, and craved for food, and as Mrs. Larkine had predicted, he went back without his ring, and put some money in her hand.

"I thought me;" she said to herself; "it's gone; and everything else that isn't gone now will go after it. I must take care what I do." She served a comfortable meal with the courest

of faces for condiment, and treated her unlucky lodger as if he had been a little boy who had done

something wrong.

"Yes, he's at home," she said to some one who came asking for him, presently; "he's having his

"And in the dumps, I suppose !" the visitor And in the dumps, I suppose the value said, a bright cheery little man, who looked as if the "dumps" would be an impossibility with him, his face was one perpetual laugh.

"Well, yes I darency he is. It has almost come to an end with him, I think. There's bills from accomplant, and

"And I have nothing to do with his private affairs. Just tell him I am here, Mrs. Larkins; and don's let him deny himself to me. I mean

and don't set all deep to see him?"

"Then go up and tell him yourself," Mrs. Larkins said, "you know the way,"

"Yes, I know the way," was the answer, "this house is pretty familiar to me."

It might well be. He had lived there for three years, and been the torment of Mrs. Larkins's existence for the whole time; but he had paid her well, and she had always declared him to be a model lodger.

She had never had one like him since he had married, and set up housekeeping on his own account on very little but the love they felt for

He had been moderately prosperous, and was a firm friend of Cuthbert Clitheroe's. He went

The was one of those men who never can do anything like other people, and presented himself and his laughing face before the melancholy occupant of Mrs. Larkine's second floor front.

"A veritable Knight of the Rueful Counten-

nee!" he said, clapping Cuthbert on the back. Why, man, never say die—better luck next

"Yes; but how can I compass a next time!"
"Paint another picture."
"Can't."

" Can't

" Why !"

"Why?"
"Where is the canvas and the colour to come from? How am I to live till it is done? I had better have stuck to the drapery, in the 'what is the next article, miss' style of existence than have trusted to art; she's a fickle jade, Singleton, and that's the truth !"

"The hanging committee are idiots," was Mr. Singleton's reply. "Art is not fickle, and they

are. Don't be discouraged, Clitheros; look things in the face, and go on. I can't tell you how many times I tried, and how many of my masterpieces went to my 'unele's' to be seen no more by me before I caught the committee by a more by me before I caught the committee by a fluke—for it was nothing else. Put away that stuff, man, and come cut with me. I am going to take Polly to the theatre to night, and we have a box. Come with us, we can talk quietly overthings, and how you can get out of this surape. I know from experience how awful it is to want everything and not be able to get anything. everything and not be able to get anything."

"I don't see how I am to get out of it, unless

I make a hole in the water, or—"
"Or what! Let's hear the alternative. The
water won't do. It's time I came, I think, if you
are getting hipped like that; that's a madman's
remedy for the ills of life."

I have been half a madman to-day. going to say, has something turned up in the papers? People are wanted by lawyers sometimes to hear something to their advantage, only haven't apyone belonging to me to leave me a myeterious fortune.

think of something to-m Come with Polly and me, and listen or not to the music—as you like; it will be a distraction. And

"Ay, to morrow; what then i"
"Haise what you can on the Beatrice, and set yourself straight a bit, and then go to work again. I think, perhaps, I can help you a little; I can put you in the way of making the most of your picture at any rate. Oh! yes, I know how your picture at any rate. Oh! yes I know how disgusted you feel at the prospect. The picture isn't a pit the worse for the notion; it's as good inst a sit the worse for the notion; it's as good a thing as most of the accepted ones—oh yes! I mean it, young one, I'm not a bad judge. Anyway put it out of your head to rights at least, and all that bosh about the river, and come with us; you'll be a new man to-morrow."

Cuthbert allowed himself to be persunded, and the two left the house together; and the companionship brightened him up, and made him forget his troubles for that night at least.

Between the sets Mr. Singleton pulled a paper from his pocket, and turned it over in search of something he wanted.

"There's a queer story in it shout—"he begun, and then he storped suddenly, and looked at his companion. "By Jove!" he ejaculated.

"What is to?" asked Cuthbert.
"This,"—and his friend put the paper into his

It was only an advertisement from a firm of

lawyers. "Should this meet the eye of Cuthbert Clitheroa, artist, he is requested to call upon Messrs. Baldwin and Vigors, Sun-alley, Lincoln's-inn, at his earliest convenience, when he will hear something to his advantage."

CHAPTER II.

CUTHERRY CLITHERON stared at his friend, CUTHERET CLITHERE STATED at his friend; and his friend stared at him; and Mrs. Singleton, otherwise Polly, a lively little woman, paused in the consumption of the ice that had been procured for her, and looked at her husband and his friend, wondering what they might have found in the paper to interest them so much.

"What is it, Sam?" she asked. Sam was the name her lord rejoiced in; and very few of his intimates ever thought of calling him anything else. "You look as if you had seen a chest!"

ghost

"No, I haven't; it have't appeared to me."
"What is it, then !"
"Here's Clitheroe come into his fortune, that's

"Well, it was about time he did, by all ac-counts," the little woman replied; "but I don't believe he has found it in the newspapers, for all that. Tell me what you mean this minute, nir !

Thus adjured Mr. Singleton put the paper into the plump hand of his better half, and showed her what he and his friend had read. "It means that he is the rightful heir to millions, of course," he said, with a laugh-

"those advertisements always do."
"H'm—yes!" Mrs. Singleton said. "I think
it's more likely to mean that he is wanted to
answer some question or other, and may get a
five-pound note for doing it. That's about the five-pound note for doing it. That's about the general amount of 'aomething to your advantage,' after you have taken a lot of trouble, and gone to the exponse, perhaps, to answer the advertisement—unless it is a trap to catch you for something you have done, and all the advantage means being given up to the police."

"The thing comes from a respectable firm of lawyers, my dear," Mr. Singleton said, with a laugh. "I think the five-pound note is pretty gure."

a laugh. "I thum see he acceptable just now,"
"Five shillings would be acceptable just now,"
said Cuthbert, moodily. "It's just the end of
sail things with me, Mrs. Singleton."
"I'm not Mrs. Singleton. I'm Polly!" that
lady said, with a grimace, "I always know
things are very bad with you, Cuthbert, when
"Polly" goes into the background. Cheer up!
you are not as far down as Sam and I have been
since we were married; see how he has got on
lately. Your turn will come soon—see if it does
not!"

Cuthbert Clitheroe shook his head. He was Onthbert Citheroe shook his head. He was, as he said, weary and hopeless, and could see no gleam of light in the darkness before him. Not even this strange advertisement, which he was half inclined to regard as a heax of some sort—though why anyone should go out of his or her way to play a practical joke at his expense he could not understand.

His friends was a light the same he was the same here.

His friends made him go home with them to supper, and eat and drink; and, altogether, he let himself into his lodgings in Minerva-terrace, Clipstone-atreet, in a much more cheerful fram of mind than he had known for some time.

of mind than he had known for some time.

His studio was not in the same house, or he might have been tempted to go and muse over the unlucky picture, and wonder for the thousandth time what were the faults that had condemned it—only the sin of being unknown had, he but thought; but the events of the evening had somewhat put it out of his head.

As soon as he thought there would be any pro-bability of the heads of the Lincoln's inn firm being at their office he dressed himself and sallied forth, looking every inch a gentleman, in spite of his somewhat threadbare attire.

He was getting shabby, there was not a doubt of it; but he looked as well as many a smarter-dressed man, from his easy bearing and his careful

He was most courteously received. The clerks had evidently had their orders; and he was told that Mr. Baldwin, the head of the firm, had waited in town all day yesterday in the hope that he would present himself.

"I had no idea I was wanted," Cuthbert said, in astonishment. "I only saw the advertisement isst night by accident. I have been much occupied for the last week or so."

He was asked to wait, and provided with a newspaper till Mr. Baldwin should be at liberty; and then shown into the presence of that gentleman, who gave strick directions that he was on no account to be disturbed until he rang his bell.

An ham later Children and Children arme onto

An hour later Cuthbert Clitherce came out looking pale and perplexed, but with money in his pocket, evidently, for he called a hansom cab at the corner of the square, and was driven sway towards home.

When there he called Mrs. Larkins, and paid ber to the atmost farthing—to that lady's amaze-ment and delight—and then he shut himself up in his room, and was seen no more till Mr. Singleton called late in the afternoon.

Yes; he's at home, sir, Mrs. Larkins said, when are admitted him; "and—"
"And what !" asked Sam, seeing that something was trembling on the tip of the good woman's tongue. "Has the Prince of Wales sent round in a house for the ! Barrier." round in a burry for the "Bestrice," or anybody ordered half a hundred pot-boilers—or what? I see something has happened."

Yes, he has paid up," Mrs. Larkins said, and Mr. Singleton whistled in astonishment.

"Has he? Then the fortune has come after

"Has he come into a fortune, sir ?" the landlady asked, innocently. hear it, if he has." I'm sure I'm glad to

hear it, if he hat."
"I don't know, I'll go up and find out," was
the disappointing reply.

There was never any knowing whether the
gentlemen were chaffing or not, Mrs. Larkins declared, and she went her way into the lower
regions in some dudgeon; while Mr. Singleton
made his way to Cuthbert Clitherce's room, and
knocked at the door.

Province the door.

Receiving no answer to his summons, he entered, to find his friend sitting by the window with a cigar that had gone out, in his mouth, staring at nothing, and in so deep a reverie that he had not heard the approach of his visitor.

"Wake up!" he said; "and confirm the mighty news that I have just heard."

"What news!"

"That you are suddenly a rich man. Mother

"That you are suddenly a rich man. Mother

Larkin says you have paid up."
"It is true, I have. My visit to the lawyers was worth as much as that anyway."
"And something more, or I am no reader of faces. There were more than a few pounds in it Was there not, now!"

"Then the fortune's come ?"
"Yes !"

"I'm heartily glad to hear it, my hoy; but you don't seem much elated. Is there comething else in the background? Is it much?" "A thousand pounds." Again Mr. Singleton whistled in the greatness

of his amazement.
"You are in luck !"he said. "I wish some one would find me such a sum. Has it come by

"Fallen in amongst unclaimed property 1"

Come by gift !"

"And with a condition attached to it !"

"I thought so.
"I don't know that it is. I am promised a thousand pounds, and sundry other advantages are hinted at, if I will accept the condition that en with it

And that is-

"A wife!"
"Even so."

"And you have accepted i"
"I have. What does it matter? I shall never be troubled with the lady, she only wants the fact of her marriage to be established—after the marriage to be established—after the marriage to be established. be troubled with the lady, she only wants the fact of her marriage to be established—after that we are to go our own way in the world and trouble each other no more. I am to sell myself, in fact, for a fraction of the price that some artists can realise for a single picture."

"Don's do it, my hoy—don't do it," Mr. Singleton said; "It is your whole life that you are

flinging away."

"Nonsense, Sam. I shall never care for any oman. Who would care to marry a lonely fellow like me? Women want fair prospects and a place in the world with the man they marry, and

"And my Polly married me without knowing what was before her, and was glad to take the rough and the smooth together so long as we had one another. Don't flig away your life, Clitheroe; for it is nothing better. Think twice before you take such an awful step—there's more in it than you see at present. You don't see what's behind yet—you are letting the money tempt you."

"Perhaps I am; but I have given my word; the thing is settled now and cannot be undone."
"You know your own business best; but is

that all you have been told—that there is a lady who wants a husband in segret for some reason of her own who can afford to pay a thousand

"No, not quite. I have had the matter explained to me. I am to marry the lady to save her fortune for her."

"How?"

"Simply thus. She is a great betress, and she is bound by a ridiculous clause in her father's

will to marry before she is twenty-one or forfelt

the fortune which would be here."
"The reasons are given for the wish; they are of no consequence. The fact is all I have to do with. If she is not married by that day she not only loses her fortune, but it falls to a man who is trying to force her either, to marry him or to n single.

"He has been appointed, no doubt in ignerance of his real character, one of her guardians; is a cousin and has had great power over her

"But if he comes into the property why does he want to merry her? he would have it in any way," said Mr. Singleton.
"He would be doubly rich then," Cuthbert Clitheroe replied. "She has other means as well, inherited from her mother. The father must have been a maniac, I think, to have made

Messre. Baldwin and Vigora were her mother's

lawyers, and also has come to them, under great difficulties, I gather from what I have been told,

to beln her out of the strait.

"She has been almost a prisoner in the power of this man and his rayrinidous, and unable to take any steps to help herself."
"And the lawyers—houest men.—propose to throw her fute the arms of a man of whom they know nothing? Generous of them, I must

"They do me the honour to tell me that they do know something of me—that they have known of me for a long time. I am sure I cannot tell

"And they also say that the lady is capable of offering berself and her fortune to the first man ahe meets to get out of the mesh she is entangled in; so they have resolved to allow her to meet persecution with scheming, and to meet the man on her twenty-first birthday with a proof of her legal marriage in their hands.

This once proved the is asfe. I was not told much but enough to proclaim the fact that her father must have been a weak idiot, and this cousin the most unscrupulous scoundred that ever

played on a dupe's feelings.

"However, that has nothing to do with my promise. I have given it, and in three weeks from this sime I shall be a married man, Singleand you and Polly can wish me joy.

"Hem! I don't know about that. In the

"I have not been told; I expect so. I fancy the lady is in London." And you haven't heard her name !"

"I have heard nothing at all about her!"

"She may be an idlot, the pable of thinking for herself; and all this may be a plot to get her money into someone else's hands."

"By Jove 1 I never thought of that!" Cuth-bert Clibberoe said, thoughtfully. "I must be satisfied that she knows what she is about and understands it all before I commit myself to the acceptance of that thousand pounds-not that it signifies much. I am never to see her after we part at the church door,"

CHAPTER III.

CUTHERD CHITHERDE took the words of his friend to heart, and slept on them, rising the next morning with a clearer brain and a determination to act on the advice he had received, and go no farther in the strange business in which he had embarked till he knew more about what was before him.

As Mr. Singleton had said, the lady might not have single-con may ease, the say might have be altogether a free agent—she might be imbedile, or in some way in the power of these lawyers—though they were too well-known, he fancied, to lend themselves to anything dishonourable.

As soon as he had breakfested he went to

Lincoln's-inn-fields, and asked for Mr. Baidwin. That gentleman was there, busy with a lady, he was told, but he was asked to wait in the same courteous fashion as on the preceding day, and in a very little while the head of the firm came out, showing out a veiled figure, whose face could not be seen—a young, graceful woman, evidently, but very plainly dressed, and seemingly in a great

hurry to get away.

"You need not be nervous," Mr. Baldwin said to her. "You have been to see me, your mother's friend. Remember that if there is anything disagreeable——"

" If there is anything !" she replied. "There is never anything else. I would run away out-right, but that would only make matters worse."

'ery much worse. A month's more patience,

and then ___"
And then I shall be free! Ab, what freedom!

"And then I shall be Iree! An, what freedom:
But it does not signify. Anything is better than
the other prespect!"

"Raymond will go home with you, my dear,"
Mr. Baldwin said. "I would come myself but

that I have a special appointment, that I cannot put off, for eleven o'clock, and I could not possibly be back in half-an-hour. Courage! and all will go well yet-better than you think, perhaps.

He saw her into a cab that was waiting, and then came back to where Cuthbert was sitting, wondering whether she was the future wife fate had in store for him.

You are waiting for me, Mr. Clitheroe !" he

Yee. I wanted a word or two with you, if you please.

"I can give you a quarter of an hour."

"All I have to say may be said in less than half that time."

"You are repenting of your bargain?"
"No; I have only been thinking, and thought has suggested a question or two that I think I have a right to ask."

"You have a perfect right to ask anything in reason. I have told you why this most eccentric proceeding is contemplated. Miss-my client, that is-has let the time go by till there is none left for her to reflect in, and I had no idea till very lately of the true character of the man she is so anxious to avoid. Had I a daughter I would sooner see her in her coffin, and hear the earth rattling on her coffin-lid, than give her to this man. Now, what is it that

you want to know?"
"Only this,—is the lady quite a free agent in the matter?"

" Quite."

And of sound mind ?

Mr. Baldwin laughed at the question, and laid his hand on Cuthbert's shoulder.
"You may set your heart perfectly at rest as

to the mental condition of your bride," Mr. Baldwin said. "I would not lend myself to any fraud on a helpless woman to gain a fortune by She is acting of her own free will, and the matter was her own suggestion. The choice of a husband was in some sort left to us. As I told you before, she is capable of doing something rash in her present state of discomfort and alarm.

"And may I ask why you selected me ?"
"We had heard of you—that is, I had; as some one without any near connections was naturally to be preferred."
"Yes; my wife will never have to blush for

her husband's relations, or wince at the notion of meeting her father or mother-in-law," Cuthbert said, bitterly; "there never was anyone so poorly off in that ospect."

"Is there anything else you want to know?" asked the lawyer, looking at his watch; "I am willing to tell you anything that I may.

I have no right to ask anything more," was the quiet reply.

I will keep it." "I have given my promise and

"You will have due notice when you are wanted," Mr. Baldwin said; "and, in the meantime, a lodging has been taken for Mr. Clitheroe at that address. It might be as well if you could be there for some part of the three weeks that

are to elapse before the wedding. You will be married by banns.

He put an address in Cuthbert's hand, by which he understood that he was to be married somewhere on the Surrey-side of the river, for the place was a quiet street in Walworth, much affected by clerks and single men of business.

"One word more," he said, as the lawyer pre-

pared to dismiss him. "On my wedding-shall I bring a friend with me or come alone? " On my wedding-day

"Alone, if you please. There will be witnesses enough to make the affair legal."

Thank you. I will be there whenever you want me.

"And the money will be put into your hand the moment you leave the church-you will have carned it then; but if you want any more in the meantime

No, not a farthing," Cuthbert said. "When I have earned my wages, as you say, I will take it, not before. I hope the sale of my life will be of service to the lady—it is not worth much to me at present."

You have not been very successful lately. I

"No; I am unknown," said the young man, bitterly, "and poor. Those two things are enough to keep a man down."

"You may rise yet; who knows? A man'e wedding-day is sometimes the turning-point in his life; yours may be so. Time will show. The thousand pounds may be a beginning of a new life for you.

over now," said Cuthbert to himself, as he walked slowly westward. "I am booked for this amazing wedding, and I have seen my bride, and heard her speak, and have come no nearer to knowing who she is or where she came from, than I was before. It is a queer tangled skein; but my word is pledged, and I must unwind it as best I may.

Mr. Singleton did not find his friend so communicative after his second interview with the lawyer as he had been before; the fact was, that Cuthbert had been so taken by surprise on his first visit that he had hardly realized the matter. He merely told his friend that he had given his word and should abide by it, and then went his way, and to his work—something graver, and more silent than his wont, but that was all.

The three weeks passed away, and Cuthbert had shown himself at the Walworth lodgings frequently enough for the purpose for which they were taken. And he had seen nothing more of the lawyer nor heard from him, and he was beginning to feel as if the whole affair were a dream, and to settle down to his work as if he had never left it off. When one morning, just as he had finished his breakfast, he was summoned downstairs so speak to a gentleman who had come in a cab, Mrs. Larkins said, and was in an awful hurry.

It was the clerk from Mr. Baldwin's whom he had heard called "Raymond," who was waiting for him with a letter.

"I was requested to see you, Mr. Clitheroe— to follow you if need be, if you chanced to be out. Mr. Baidwin desired me to give you this, and to ask you whether you understand it per-

It was only a line or two.

"To-morrow morning, nine o'clock, at the Church of St. Barnabas-the-Less, Grayford-road,

Walworth. Be punctual."
Cuthbert Clitheroe came back to the reality of hat had begun to seem so much like fancy to him of late, and a cold shiver, like a douche of icy water, passed over him.

It had come at last—the thing he had bound himself to, and the morning would see the fulfil-ment of his promise, and put him in possession of the price of his sacrifice.

He would have given anything to draw back now, but it was too late. Only by running away could be save himself from what he had pledged himself to, and that was not to be thought of.

"Tell Mr. Baldwin that I understand his note perfectly, if you please," he said to the clerk; "or perhaps I had better write a note."
"A verbal answer would be preferred," was

his decisive reply...

"Were you asked to say so?"

"I was; and, further, that Mr. Baldwin would feel obliged to you if you would destroy his note when you had made yourself familiar with the address given in it."

"You know the address !

"No, I do not. I simply repeat what I was told to say to you."

Cuthbert looked at the paper again, and fixed the address in his mind—"St. Barnabas-the-Less, Grayford road, Walworth;" and tore the note tiny pieces, so that no one could read it.

"You can tell him it is destroyed," he said. I will not fail to attend to it."

The clerk went his way, and Cuthbert strove to put the morrow out of his mind and bring himself back to his work. But it would not do. His hand would not obey his head, and he put the sketch he was making away, and wondered dreamily when he should work at it again.

It eseemed to him that he should not be himself at all after the receipting but apprecia

himself at all after the morning, but someone else, and he took to building castles in the air to be paid for out of the thousand pounds that the morning would see in his possess

There was no sleep for him that night; it was

There was no sleep for him that night; it was vain to try and seek repose, and after a vain struggle, he got up and dressed himself, and whiled away the night as best he could, till it was time to dress himself and go to this unknown church. And then an odd idea took possession of him, and made him laugh in spite of himself. How was he to dress? How would his bride be dressed? Was it to be an ortholox wedding with white draperles and orange flowers, and all the addenda of favours and bridesmaids? or was it to be a fitse changes for was it to be of the changes for any during the position. it to be of the clandestine order, and hurried over in unseemly haste by some careless clergy-man anxious only for his fee ?

It was strange to be getting ready for his own wedding and not know how to appear at it. He settled the question by putting on a simple morning suit, that could attract no attention, and looking like a disguised prince in it.

He was rather careless in his attire generally,

leaning to the artistic slovenliness of the studios; but when he did dress with care he was a notice able man from his aristocratic appearance

There was no one about at the church of St. Barnabas-the-Less when he reached it. It was in a little bye-street, not particulary clean but quiet. The doors were open, and an old woman was looking out "for the wedding folks," as she told him when he would have entered. He did was tooking out for he wedning loads, as the told him when he would have entered. He did not tell her he was the principal performer in the coming drama, but he stood aside and waited. Only for a few minutes. A carriage drore rapidly up almost directly, and from it there descended Mr. Baldwin and two closely veiled ladies

"You are punctual," was all the lawyer said, and motioned him to enter the church before

He did so in a sort of dream, and allowed them to place him where they would.

Mr. Baldwin put a ring into his hand, and the service proceeded, the lawyer taking up his atation beside the elighter of the two ladies, not a glimpse of either of whose faces could be obtained through their thick veils.

The service went on. The bridegroom spoke like a man in a dream, hardly audible sometimes; but the voice that came from under the thick veil was as firm and clear in its responses as a voice could be—there was no trembling, no The hand that he touched minute in putting on the ring was cold but firm, and the kneeling figure by his side was as steady as if it were cut out of marble.

At last it was over, and the pair so strangely united stood up together man and wife, to part as soon as the book was signed, and the price

Dreaming still, the bridegroom went into the vestry and signed his name in full in a shaky hand. The bride followed, and then, for the first time, he saw her name, "Margaret Hunt-ley." Another minute, and she was walking down the church on his arm; another and they were at the door; another, and she was in the carriage with Mr. Baldwin beside her, and he was standing looking after the retreating vehicle with the price of his sacrifice in a packet in his

CHAPTER IV.

CUTHBERT CLITHEROE would have been more than mortal if he had not tried with all his to unravel something of the mystery might to unravel something of the mystery that hung about his wedding-day. It was a curious thing to know nothing more of his wife than that she was young and rich; the veils the two ladies were had been impenetrable. But there was something about them both that spoke unmistakably of high breeding—something in the carriage of the girl who had leaned on his arm for one brief minute that bespoke her a ladv.

He tried very hard to discover any trace of her in the peerage and landed gentry, but failed

egregiously.

Mr. Singleton arrived at his lodgings while he Mr. Singleton arrived at his lodgings while he was sitting at home counting the money he had received so strangely, and musing over his wealth, and greeted him with something of his usual bonhomic—though, truth to tell, Sam was anxious about what was going on.

"How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?" asked the little man, who was nothing if not Shakesperian. And Cuthbert looked up in surprise.

in surprise.

What do you mean ?" he asked. "How did you know !

"Witnessed the ceremony, dear boy!" said Mr. Singleton. "Saw you sally forth early this morning dressed with care, and smelt a rat— followed you in a cab, and a nice dance you led me, I can tell you—arrived at St. Barnabas-the-Less, just as the lady drove up, and witnessed the ceremony from a back pew, and here I am to congratulate you."

"I don't know that it's any subject for congratulation," Cuthbert said, moodily; "but it's

"Yes; and you must look it in the face, or forget all about it—one or the other. Come and have a day out, and put it out of your head for a bit, and you'll get up to-morrow with some clear notion of what you are going to do. No; I don't want you to spend your substance in rictors living, or waste what you have given such an awful price for; but only to put the thing out of your head altogether for a bit. You have brooded over it lately till you are good for nothing at all."

believe I have, Sam; and your advice is Where shall you and I and Polly go for

the day ?"
"Wherever you please; anywhere so that you get out of yourself!"
"The heat got back somewhat late at night to Cuthbert got back somewhat late at night to his lodgings, feeling less oppressed and careworn, and found a note from a picture dealer of some note, and about the most genuine of his class in town, requesting him to call upon him the next day. Wondering whether his ill-luck was going to take a turn he put it aside, and went to bed; and presented himself in the morning as soon as there was any likelihood of doing business with the great man. Not a shop—Mr. Rathbone had nothing as common lace were Rathbone had nothing so common-place or vulgar—a gallery of the highest gentility; where money was turned over in sums to make the mouths of impecuations people water, and works of art of rare value rested in transit from one owner to another.

He had been there before, trying in vain to get a footing in Mr. Rathbone's good graces, but without success. There were so many in the field; and he was astonished at the courtesy with which he was received. And more astonished than ever when it appeared that the object of the summons was neither more nor less than to negotiate the sale of the rejected picture over which he had sorrowed so deeply. Mr. Rathbone offered to take it on his own

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"But you have never seen it!" gasped Cuthbert, in utter amazement. "You do not

"Pardon me, but I have seen it," the picture-dealer replied; "and was more surprised than I can tell you at its rejection. There is new blood wanted in the Academy, Mr. Clitheroe; and that's a fact. I will take the picture, and I have no fear that I shall lose by it."

Had Aladdin's lamp suddenly fallen into his possession Cuthbert could not have been much more astonished. He stared at Mr. Hathbone till that gentleman langhed, and opined that the sale of a picture was an uncommon event with him; and laughed again when he was told that the young man had never sold one before

Outhbert fancied that he might be acting for someone else; but the picture-dealer declared that he was only buying the Beatrice for him-self, and that he should doubtless sell it again very quickly; and when Mr. Clitheros had anything more to dispose of he should be, doubtless, able to do business with him again.

Cuthbert Citheroe departed with him again.

Cuthbert Citheroe departed with a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket, and a curious feeling that it was all a dream, somehow; but, at the same time, that if he had asked double the amount for his picture he should have got it. He somehow had an idea that Mr., Baldwin would know something about this new piece of good fortune; but when he called in Lincoln's inn, intending to see the lawyer, he was told he was out of town, and likely to be for

some weeks.

So he was; taking care of the interests of his client, whose twenty first birthday was rapidly approaching, and whose cousin and suiter was openly beasting of what would be his, without any struggle on that desirable day. Mr. Stanley Carruthers was not a very astute man, or he would have known there was something beneath the calm placidity with which his beautiful and wilful cousin regarded the coming loss of her fortune. He had her completely in his power; she was with his mother, who worshipped him, and thought any girl a fool who could regard him with un-favourable eyes. She had been virtually a favourable eyes. She had been virtually a prisoner, and yet he could neither break her will nor make her care for him in the way that her father had wished.

She would be free in a few days now, but with less than a third of what was really hers if she persisted; and the world would doubtless think him mean to a degree to take advantage of a girl's

But Stanley Carruthers was a man who cared very little of what the world thought of him so long as he put money in his purse; and his cousin's fortune would save him from ruin.

Without it he could not get along any longer, and it was only the knowledge of what was coming to him either by marriage or forfeiture that kept the tribes and other creditors at bay.

He would have preferred the marriage, there ould be a certain éclat in having a handsome wife and a fortune as well—to say nothing of certain expectations which would fall in as

But, failing the girl's consent, he would take the money, and wash his hands of the incum-

With the fortune he would take houses, land, and all, and set up as a landed gentleman, and it

was all drawing very near now.

There was still time, perhaps Margaret might even yet relent; she was wayward and self-willed

enough for anything.

There might be a special license and a private arriage, and they could go away for a time till the talk over such a proceeding had subsided; he

would make one more trial.

A handsome, enticing man he looked as he entered his mother's drawing-room about a week before his cousin's twenty-first birthday—a man whom any girl might have fancied-"a goodly apple rotten at the heart.

There was no trace of his evil nature in his face as he greeted his mother and said a quiet word or two to his cousin, and then, as she would

have left the room, stopped her with a gesture.
"You must give me one moment, Margaret,"
he said; "you and I have weighty matters to he said ; "you

"There need be no discussion between us," the girl said, proudly. "You have said all there was to say to me long ago, Stanley Carru-thers."

But the time is close at hand, now; and I don't wan't to rob you, Margaret.'

Oh, the tenderness of his voice as he spoke. Oh, the soft light in his evil eyes—eyes that could shine or blaze as their owner pleased, and which had been the ruin of many a trusting

Their play was played out as far as Margaret Huntley was concerned; she knew the value of the soft tender words and honeyed looks, and she

would have none of them.

"I have said all I mean to say to you," she id, gently enough, "I wish from next week to said, gently enough. "I wish from next week to have nothing more to do with you and yours. That I have resided so long under any roof where I could be exposed to your persecutions is no fault of mine, as you know. Till next Thursday I must hear what you have to say; after that

Free ! yes ; but how ? Almost a beggar. "Many people would hardly think my mother's fortune beggary," the girl said, with a proud smile. "But even if it were so I would rather beg a crust to eat from door to door than share my father's home-my dear old home," she added with a sudden burst of emotion that even her indomitable courage could not subdue, "with you. Let me alone, if you please, your persecu-tion of me is unmanly."

"It is no use, mother," Stanley Carruthers said, when he was alone with his mother, and Margaret had shut herself up in her own room,

"she is an obstinate as ever."

"She's a fool," Mrs. Carruthers said, "and she'll repent it to the last hour of her life. I can't make her out, she must have some plan in her head. I asked her what she was going to do, her head. I asked her what she was going to do, and she told me in as many words that it was no business of mine. I fancy she is going to stay with that lawyer follow. I believe he is at the bottom of her refusal to marry you, my boy."

"If I thought he was I'd wring his neck i" Mr. Carruthers said. "However, there's no

help for it now; she won't have me, and I can't

say anything more about it.'

"It will not signify much after all," the lady replied, "You will have the money and the places, and you can go abroad till people have done abusing you-as they will be sure to do for

a white."

"I don't care a hang what they do when it is all settled. They can't abuse the money out of my pocket. I wish the day was over."

For Mr. Baldwin, or someone of his appointing, was to be present when Mr. Carruthers formally

took possession of his cousin's fortune, and that gentleman confidently anticipated a passage-atarms with the lawyer.

In came at last—the all eventful day, and Mr.

Baldwin presented himself at the house where his client resided—her own, but so completly taken possession of by her cousin and his mother, in reliance on the will which placed her in their power, that she had never realised the fact that he was mistress of it.

Mr. Carruthers received the lawyer with but Mir. Carruthers reconved the mayor thinly veiled insolence. He was master now, and this interfering person should know it.

"I am sorry there is no alternative," he said, when Mr. Baldwin had seated himself. "Heaven.

when Mr. Balowin had seated nimes it. Heaven knows I should have been glad to give my cousin away to any suitable person. But she is obstinate; she prefers her liberty and poverty to sharing the lot of any man."

"And you are going to abide by the terms of that most wicked will, Mr. Carruthers?"

" Certainly."

" Without any reservation?"

"Miss Huntley has taken her own course," was se short reply. "She knew the penalty, and is the short reply. "She knew the penalty, and is prepared to pay it. I presume you are ready to take charge of her, your interest in her has always been so very fatherly and considerate."

Stanley Carruthers was nearer being knocked down at that moment than ever he was in his life before had he but known it; but Mr. Bald-win controlled himself, and spoke as calmly as if nothing had put him out.

"Then there is nothing for Miss Huntley to do but to get out of her father's house as quickly as possible—in your estimation?" he said quietly.

"Nothing. I am sorry, of course. I would have married her or given her to anyone else she

chose. She declined, and the consequence is that I am master here.

"And being so you would like to kick me down will save you to walk out instead i."

What do you mean i."

"Simply that the conditions of the will have been fulfilled. Miss Huntley was married two days ago !"

It is false I"

"It is the truth! I was present at the wedding, and had the honour of giving away the bride. You have been outwitted, Mr. Carruthers; you thought to make your cousin a prisoner and to coerce her either into marrying you or giving up her property; she has done neither, and is

And Mr. Baldwin took a copy of the marriage certificate from his pocket and laid it on the table, remarking quietly that Mr. Carruthers might verify it whenever he liked. There had been no secrecy about the marriage, which had been performed properly and published before-hand by banns.

CHAPTER V.

Twenve months! A little time to look back upon; a very minute when measured by the good done in it, but a long while in the estimation of those who are looking forward for something at the end of it.

It passed rapidly enough with Cuthbert Clith-eroe after his joyless wedding day, and he made

good use of it.

With the money obtained by the sale of his picture he gave himself six months study—hard and untiring—in Botte, and travelled a little to enlarge his idea; cotaing back to England with a portfolio of sketches to be made use of some time, and a stock of useful knowledge that would stand him in good stead for the remainder of his

He had prospered wonderfully since that event-ful day. Commissions for light work of all sorts had come to him from various places, and he had been able to earn a good deal, besides pursuing the studies that he had set his heart upon. The

the etudies that he had set his heart upon. The old days of poverty and struggling seemed to be going away from him, and in their stead something like affluence was becoming his portion. He held very little communication with any one in England while he was away, except with his faithful friend "Sam" to whom he wrote regularly, and who returned the compliment by seeding him voluminous letters full of all the news he could think of.

news he could think of.

I have two pieces of news for you," he wrote ones. "Three, I may say. First and foremost Elkington says that he has seen your Beatrice; Rathbone has not been long disposing of it. It is at some place in Cornwall-Tre somethingthese Cornish names go out of a fellow's head so. Anyway, he went there to restore some pictures that were not to be moved, and in a place of honour in the gallery he saw your picture. He says it holds its own even amongst the Friths and Millaises; so take heart, young one! you'll make a place amongst them yet. Item of news number two is that Mr. Baldwin is dead; I saw is in the paper this morning; found dead in his bed—a fit suppose. Item number three. A man came ere that is, to Mother Larkins, where I was, asking for news of you) for the express purpose of breaking your neck. He stated his intentions smiable clearness that there could ! no possible mistake, but declined to give his name, or any information as to where you might walt on him to have the ceremony performed when you come home again."

Cuthbert Clitheres laid down the letter and

Isughed.

""What a boy Sam is!" he said to himself.
"I don't fancy it is my neck any one wants to
break; I have not an enemy in the world that
I know of. There's some blunder. So poor Mr.,
Baldwin is dead, is he I—there's one chance the less of ever solving that mystery. Heigho! I don't think I ever knew how I had hoped to solve it some day till now. Ah! well, it does not

matter; I should be none the better off if I did, but the lawyer seemed a link, and now it to broken. Shall I ever see my wife again, I wouder? ever meet her and know her? No, that I should not! She was lithe and graceful, but so are hundreds of women; and though the voice was sweet and low, there are so many voices that might be like it and not the same. Will she ever seek me, I wonder! Bah! what an idle notion. How she must despise me! What can a woman think of a man who is willing to sell his a woman think of a man who is willing to sell his future for money? And yet, if she knew, it has not been a bad bargain so fare. Everything has prospered with me since then. And as for love, why, is will never come to me; I am out of the running and have nothing to do with it.!"

Poor Cuthbert! he little knew. The fever had not touched him yet, and he laughed again softly as he took up his friend's letter to go on with it. "I interviewed the gentleman," Mr. Singleton went on, "and he expressed his feelings with as much perspiculty as his state would allow him—he was the worse for drink, and excessively shabby. He saws you have wronged him beyond

shabby. He says you have wronged him beyond all reparation, and that the longer the little attention he wishes to show you is postponed the surer it will be to come off. I should say he had been a gentleman at some time, there was the hall-mark about him still, but he had sunk about as low as it is possible for a man to side, and, I fancy, rapidly. He is tall and, dark, with ourly hair, and eyes like Mons. Rigard's in "Little Dorrit,"—too close together a. Altogether he had a hawklike appearance that was not pleasant. He went away cursing inwardly, and leaving Mother

Larkins in anxiety about her appears."

In vain Cuthbert racked his memory to find the original of the pertrait presented in Sam's letter; he could not recall any one in the least like the shabby man who was so incensed against him, and he came to the conclusion that it was an instake, and thought no more about it. "Out of the running," he had said of himself, when he thought of love and love-making, and he sincerely believed it. He believed he should have courage enough to put all ideas of such happiness away from him whenever any fancy of love came near him. He had never been tried-his heart had never beat one throb, the faster at

any woman's presence yet-

" The light that lies in woman's over

had never been his heart's undoing, and he had no idea what he was pledging himself to when he declared that he and love had nothing in

The madness came to him, as it comes to all men some time in their lives. Happy those who are fetterless, and free to indulge their whims and foster their passion as they list! It was the Carnival in Rome, and every window was full, and every balcony tenanted by crowds of eager sight seers; while the atreets were full of carringes, and the fun was at its height, when an adventure befel him that he would remember for

many a long day,
The air was heavy with scent, and thick with the white dust of the flour and the confetti that had been thrown about; and the pavements were slippery, where they existed, with crushed flowers and refuse of the noisy festival. Still there was order, even amideb the confusion—the crowd, though it chaffed and jostled, did no more —and it was possible for people to get along on foot. At the corner of a wide street there had been some accident, of which the effects only remained. But a party of English people had got separated, and a young lady was, for a moment, alone. She had been thrown down and well-nigh trampled upon, but someone had lifted her to her feet unhurt, and was speaking to her in a paters that she evidently did not understand. Her hat was off, revealing a face of great beauty, round which soft, curly hair was falling in some disorder, enhancing her leveliness rather than diminishing

In an instant Cuthbert Clitheroe saw what was wanting—only someone on whom she could depend for a moment. There was no lack of self-possession in her look, but she was bewildered and agitated now.

to her. "You have lost your friends?"
"Oh! thank you, yes!" she replied at once
"You are an Englishman?" "Can I help you !" he said, making his way to her.

"I am glad. I am not far from home, I knew, but the crowd is so great. There has been a carriage accident just here, and we were knocked down either by the horses or the crowd, I don't know which; and I suppose I lost rayself for a moment, and I cannot tell now how far I have been forced out of my way. They must have lost me; they will be so terrified."

lost me; they will be so terrified."

They were, indeed, if she had only known, seeking for her in precisely the upposite direction to that in which she had been carried by the crowd, and unable to make themselves heard or understood in the tumule that was around them. Cuthbert drew the girl's hand—a little chapely hand, and well gloved—under his arm, with a reassuring touch that seemed to bring back her ecattered thoughts more than anything elaccould have done

"Thank you!" she said; "It is impossible to "Thank you!" she said; "It is impossible to get along without an arm to lean upon. The Hotel Lugano, if you please—that is, if we can get there. Perhaps there will be a carriaga."

"I don't think we shall get any carriage tonight," Cuthert replied; "but we can make our way if we have patience. You are not hurt, I hope!"

I hope ?

"No; only a little knocked about. It was very foolish of us to come down into the atreet; it was my fault. I wanted to see what a Carnival crowd was like. I am quite satisfied. If I could only find my hat !"

only find my hat:

It was adorning the head of one of the biggest and roughest of the peasants who crowd into the city for the Carnival by this time, and utterly out of any one's reach. And the girl laughed, as she put her hand to her bare

"They stare so !" she said. And they might well. Such a head of heir, and such a lovely face are seldom seen in conjunction. "If you don't mind throwing this over your head," said her resouer, "it will look like a disguise, and will her resouer, "i

It was a gay-coloured handkerchief, such as were seen in the streets that night on hundreds of women's heads; and Cuthbert had brought it out with him for a wrap, if he should need

It transformed the young lady in a moment from a dishevelled, distressed looking damed into the counterpart of a bundred others, who attracted no attention. And also thanked its

owner warmly.
"You are very thoughful," she said.
"Hardly one man in a score would have thought of it!"

"I am glad I had it. We will go down this street, it will bring us to the Lugano by a quieter route than the lighted way yonder. I cannot say how clean it is; the inhabitants are not the most aristocratic in all Rome, but it will be quiet enough to night."

"You know Rome!" the lady said presently, when they passed to breathe after pressing

when they paused to breathe, after pressing through the crowd, in the shadow of an archway, as quiet and forsaken as if the city was under a spell, instead of being given over to riot and lawlessness.

"Yes, pretty well. I have been here some

"And I have been here a good many times, and know nothing of if, except the orthodox places where all the rest of the world goes! The show places I mean.

"Ah! then you don't know Rome," he said, with a smile. "I am here picking up as I go all sorts of fancies that may be useful to me in days to come. I am studying here."

"An artist 1"

There was a throb in the hand that clasped his arm as he answered the question; and there was a tremble in the voice that spoke again after a pause.

"Rome must be a splendid field for an artist i Don't put me in a picture, please at least, se

you found me just now. I was more of the "I was just wishing that I could put the whole scene into a picture when I had the good fortune to come across you!" Cuthbert said, as they emerged into the light once more. "But no painter could put the Carnival on paper or canvas. A scene or two here and there might Frith to depict a whole street, and then be a failure. See! here is the Lugano. I am happy to have been of service to you. Are any of these

A party of people were on the botel steps, evidently in anxiety and confusion, and the young lady sprang forward and joined them, while Cathbert stood aside till he should be

sure she had found her people. "I'm not a bit the worse, auntie, dear!" she said to a lady, who was wringing her hands and seeming to implore the rest to do something. "Here I am, every hit of me, except my hat; that has gone irretrievably I am afraid, I didn's stop to look for it. A gentleman helped me. Where has he goue! Oh! there he is! Some one fetch him, please; I can't let him go without a word."

A gentleman stepped forward and asked Cathbert courteenaly to step in with them. They could not allow him to go away without thanking him for his kindness in seeing Miss Morrison home. They had been in great anxiety about her, and had searched for her in

"Miss Morrison" turned and endorsed the invitation with a smile and a geature of her little hand; and Cuthbert Clitheres would as soon have disobeyed an Empress as gone away without seeing more of the lovely girl who had clung to him so confidingly through the dirt and darkness of the street of the Cresars through which

Me was introduced to the lady Miss Morrison had called "auntie," and to another who might have been a cousin, perhaps, who was called Miss Field; and to the gentlemen of the party; also relations, but whom he hardly looked at—he was lost in admiration of the beauty of the girl he had believed. had helped.

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had helped.

She was decidedly the youngest of the party, and at the same time its head. They all appeared to defer to her as if she were mistress, and she spoke as if she were conscious of her position.

"You must not let this gentleman go away without some refreshment," she said. "Persuade him to sup with us while I go and make myself respectable. Rags are all very well for the Carmival, but I don't like them in private life."

She held up her dress as she spoke and abowed

She held up her dress as she spoke and showed it all torn and draggled.

"I deserve it all," she said, "for my wilfulness. I shall know better another time. But for this muleman I might have been killed. Make him

She was so prettily imperious that few people could have resisted her. But Cuthbert fancied he saw doubt on the elder lady's face, and he

drew out his card-case, "We are strangers," he said. "I am very glad

to have been of use, but there is no need—"
"Yes, there is," Miss Morrison, said decidedly;
"you will not refuse to sup with us, Mr.

"Clitheroe Cuthbert Clitheroe," he replied, and she stared at him to unmistatable surprise, and with a look of something like fright.
"I said a gentleman had helped me!" she said, quiety. "I have heard Mr. Clitheroe's name before. I will be down directly, auntic, dear; take arm of me Alleman till 1 game. take care of my deliverer till I come.

CHAPTER VL.

It was a very pleasant party that Cuthbert Clitheree found himself amongst—a gental, agreeable set of people enjoying a tour in a quiet fashion,; and going their own way with very little feeling of respect for Mrs. Grandy and her compense—two gentlemen, one grey-haired and middle-aged, and the other young—father and son;

three ladies-Miss Morrison, and the one she had called auntie, fat, fair, and something over forty, the wife of the elder gentleman and the mother of the other; and Miss Field, a sensible, agreeable girl, some time to be married to Mr. Adair, as the young man was called.

Cuthbert gathered rather than heard in so any words that they were in attendance on Cuthbert gathered rather than heard in so many words that they were in attendance on Miss Morrison, who was a very tich young woman without relations; and he came to know in the same subtle way that the lady and gentleman calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Adair were not in reality any relations of Miss Morrison, but only dear friends of her dead parents, and always addressedby her as "uncle" and "aunt."

He did not learn all this on this first night, when they were waiting for the young lady to

when they were waiting for the young lady to come downstairs after changing her dress, but he heard enough to place him on comfortable terms of familiarity with his entertainers. Altogether the Carnival adventure had brought shout pleasant results and he was himself.

about pleasant results, and he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour with a sest, increased by the fact that he had not met any of his own countrymen, except in the studios, for some

He told them frankly who he was—there should be no mistake hereafter, nor any pretence of ignorance of his position. But he had been heard of before—this, his last few months of success had brought his name rather prominently before the art world, and Mr. Adair had heard

They were talking art with all the love of an artist and a connoisseur, when the door of the room was flung open, and a servant announced "Miss Morrison."

"Miss Morrison."
Cuthbert fairly started at the lovely apparition that came gliding into the salon, more witchingly beautiful than any woman he had ever seen.
It she had been handsome in the tumult and disorder of the Carnival, with her dishevelled hair and her torn dress, she looked regal now, fit to grace a throne, and bewitch the hearts of men till they were ready to kiss her garment's hem in blind adoration.

He had hardly seen her fully till now—the lights outside had been fitful and uncertain, and they had been hurrying through the crowded atreets—here she was full in the soft light of the lamps, and every beauty enhanced by all the arte

She was tall and slender, and with a grace of carriage that somehow sent him back to the church of St. Barnabas-the-Less, and that fatal wedding-day!

She was neither fair as alabaster nor as dark as

She was neither fair as alabaster nor as dark as an Eastern brunette—her complexion was that of a thorough English girl, with a skin as smooth and satiny as every, and a faint colour that no art could imitate lay on her cheeks.

The charm of her face was more in expression than actual feature, but the speaking eyes had lashes that swept the fair cheek; and her mouth was true in outline, and disclosed pearly teeth that no dentist could copy.

Her head was set mon her shoulders with

Her head was set upon her shoulders with wondrous dignity and grace, and her hair— Cuthbert was wont to declare that it was impos-sible to tell the exact colour of it, or to help looking at it.

It was golden brown not the gold that hair-dressers produce and make the fashion, but brown, warm and wavy, and with golden gleams through it that shone in the soft light like a glory.

She was dressed splendidly—in quiet colours—Cuthbert never knew what they were, but had

a sense of purple velves and lace, with here and there a glittering jewel; but the picture for him was all too radiant as a whole for him to see its

details very correctly.

"My dear child, bow magnificent you are!"
Mrs. Adair said, as the came up to them;
"surely there was no need to have dressed tonight. Mr. Clitheroe would have excused any-

"I didn't feel as if I should seem free of the dirt of the streets till I had removed myself as far from them as possible," Miss Morrison said, laughing; "so I made a contrast of it, and went in for splendbur. I am so glad you have stayed,

Mr. Clitheroe. Now let me thank you as I

ought 1"
She held out her hand as she spoke, and for a brief minute let it rest in the artist's palm, and took away his heart with it when she drew it

mehow he felt as if she had dressed herself for him; had put on her braveries that his artis-tic eye might be pleased.

It was a pleasant thought, and that evening at least he would enjoy himself, and put away the remembrance of the fact that he was a man tabooed; that whatever of happiness he might see before him, held in a woman's hand, he might never put forth his own to reach it—might never look into a woman's face and seek the love that comes to all on this earth sconer or later—too late sometimes, when the destiny is settled, and the life planned, and no escape from what is written !

Morrison made herself very agreeable, and told her adventures with spirit and a of humour that set everybody at their case,

"I can't think where you could have got to in a minute, auntie dear!" she said; "we were all knocked down together, you came on top of

me."

"And when I recovered my wits you were nowhere," Mrs. Adair said; "we were tossed about like so many shuttlecocks."

"And the tossing sent me into the arms of the uglicet old woman I ever saw," Miss Morrison said, laughing. "I think the sight of her and the smell—for she seemed to me a walking mass of garlic—did more to restore me than the most werful scent-bottle would have done. But I did not fare much better after I had jumped out of her arms, for the man who caught hold of me then, and jabbered at me in some horrible language that I did not understand a word of, must guage that I did not understand a word of, must have been drinking everything that was nasty ever since the Carnival commenced. I think he was worse than the old woman; and I don't know what I should have done, for he held me ever since the Car very tight, if Mr. Clitheroe had not come to the

rescue."
"I am very thankful to have been of service,"
Cuthbert said, and the glorious eyes flashed back an acknowledgment of his, and took away his wits altogether for the brief time he spent in

Miss Morrison's company.

She led him on to talk of himself and his prospects, till he was astonished to recollect how much he had told these strangers about he much he had told these strangers about his former life and his work. But the evening was the most delightful he had ever spent, and he

went away intoxicated with the aweetness of the new joy that had come into his life.

"Out of the running," was he! The remem-brance of his own words came to him with a pang when he was once more shut in his quiet room, with leisure to think over what had

happened.

Alas! no; the fever had come upon him at last. And earth held no woman for him save this gentle girl with the speaking eyes, whose hand had rested on his arm, and whose voice had thanked him for his aid in the surging Carnival

he said to himself, bitterly, besotted fool! It was only a girl's gratitude; she will never bestow another thought upon me. She is an heiress, worth millions Side is an herress, worth militons for aught I know. And what am I? An artist, a creature whose works she can buy as she buya her dreezes and her gew-gaws. And yet she looked at me and spoke, as she has looked and spoken to hundreds of men before now, I daressy! It is the way of her order. Maybe she will not know me again if ever we meet—if. Has she not asked me herself to go there again! to make a picture of what we went through together—to picture of what we went through together—to paint her portrait! Hers! Ah! what painting could do her justice? Ah! am I not 'Benedick could do her justice? Ah! am I not 'Benedick
the married man'—tied hand and foot, never to
look upon a woman's face with love, or listen to
a woman's voice with interest? I must be a
stone, while all around me is warm with lifeliving breathing with love! A fitting punishment for a deed like mine."

Perhaps Mias Morrison was excited and unnerved by her street adventure, for she could

not rest any more than Cuthbert Clitherce could on the night of the end of the Carnival. But there was something of amusement in her reflections as she thought of what had gone by. Perhaps she was a finished coquette to whom men were playthings! It maybe that she falt a little drawn towards the man to whom she was indebted for a reactic from much

whom she was indebted for a rescue from much that would have been eminently disagreeable, "Heigho! I think I shall go to bed," she said, when her new friend had taken his leave, "I believe I was a little bit frightened after

all." I know I was!" Mrs. Adair said; "it seemed a terribly long time before we found you, my dear.

"A good half-hour by the clock, I daresay!
Miss Morrison replied. "But anxiety alway
puts leaden weights on time's wings. So tha
was Mr. Cuthbert Clitharos was it?" "But anxiety always

Have you heard of him before?

"Heard of him ! Yes." Don't encourage him, petite." " In what way !"

"Don't let him come here and learn to love you as he must-as he will; I saw it in his face, and then-

And then, auntie !"

"And then have to say what you must say. Child, think what would be the consequence!"

"Of what? most comforting of counsellors."
The girl took the hand that Mrs. Adair had on her sunny head, and kissed it affecplaced tionately

If Cuthbert Clitheroe had thought her hand-If Cuthbert Chineroe and mought the glory ome in all the pride of her beauty and the glory of her careful toilette, he would have deeme radiantly levely now in a costume that plainly proved the truth of the old adage "that beauty unadorned is adorned the most.

She had taken off her royal robes and donned a loose dressing gown of blue cashmere and white lace over which her hair was falling in unconfined waves, that made her look like an augel as she looked up into the kind face that bent over

one was no augel, this pretty heireas—a very wilful girl sometimes, but womanly and good always; and Mrs. Adair loved her dearly. She had known her all her life, and everything that her charge did came under her ken. All but one thing—petite had one accept from She was no angel, this pretty heiress-

one thing—petite had one secret from her; she knew the fact but not the particulars.

"Of letting him fall in love with you, child ! " was her answer to the girl's question; "of falling in love with him yourself!"

What have love and I to do with each other !" laughed Miss Morrison; but the laugh was some what forced, and there was a point of pain under the smile that died away on her lips afterwards. "I am safe, you know.

am sate, you know.
I wish you were, my dear, with all my heart!
metimes I think that you are more likely to Sometimes

fall in love than anyone else."
"Don't say that !" and the sweet eyes flashed with something of impatience. "Whatever I am, I am true. Don't fear for me, auntie, dear ; my armour is thick enough ! "

"I doubt it, dear-I doubt it! Don't put

yourself in the way, that's all."

"Mr. Cuthbert Clitheroe will do me no harm, at any rate," Miss Morrison, said quietly.

And Mrs. Adair was fain to take her word, and

hope that she felt nothing but ordinary interest in the young artist, to whom she certainly showed VOLE than had been the lot of any man with whom she had come in contact since they had been travelling together.

The young lady was singularly alone in the world. She was her own mistress—her money in her own hands absolutely—and it was a mercy, as Mrs. Adair sometimes said, that she had a wise head on her young shoulders, or she would have fallen into all sorts of difficulties before this.

But she was wise and clearheaded, and under stood all that was necessary about her estates and their management, and how to keep at a distance all the fortune hunters that came after her in shosla.

She was a mark for all the impecunious ounger sons and reckless spendthrifts that were a society. But she held her own as if she had

been forty instead of twenty-one, and no man ed her a second time after he had received his congé once.

She had come abroad for a little peace, she declared; and was travelling in a style that made her more aristocratic friends hold up their hands horror, and opine that there must have been plebeian blood somewhere to make her so utterly egardless of the conventionalities.

She and her party went where they listed, and saw what they liked; and chose the most confortable hotels, regardless of the fashion or the propriety of the place. And it was beginning to be said of her that she was "countrie, poor dear." be said of her that she was "eccentric, poor dear," which with some people is the same thing as eay-

Mrs. Adair was far-seeing, and her nervous-ness about the artist was not without cause. She knew there was more than ordinary interest on the one side, and she suspected into the other. And as time went on, and Cuthbert Clitheroe saw more of them, and fell deeper and deeper into the toils every time that the two met, she remonstrated again, only to be told that there was no harm—that it would come all right.

"For you, if you are playing with him, per-haps!" she said, appealingly; "but, my dear, what is sport to you may be death to him. I think I read him aright—be loves you!"

"I will do him no harm," was the quiet an-

swer; "you may trust me, auntie. He shall come out of this unscathed."

Mr. Singleton at home was exercised in his mind by his friend's letters. There was too much about Miss Morrison in them, and he ventured a remonstrance.

"Take care, my boy!" he wrote; "recollect St. Barnabas-the-Less. I smell mischief in your last few letters. Come away before it is too

To which Cuthbert replied-

To which Cuthbert replied"It is too late, old friend. I thought I was eafe, but there was a flaw in my armour, and I am the most miserable dog in existence !

CHAPTER VII.

MR. SINGLETON heard very little about Miss Morrison after his friend returned from Rome Cuthbert came back, altered and improved in many ways—a clear-headed man of the world had taken the place of the somewhat impetuous youth who had gone away, and he was as kind and genial as ever in his intercourse with his old

His work had gone on merrily, there was plenty of evidence of that; and there was a good-sized picture under way which was to be exhibited at the Academy if the ruling powers would be kinder to the artist than they had been

hitherto.
"Sam" prophecied great things for it, and declared it would be the picture of the year. But Cuthbert shook his head, and was not so sanguine. He was changed, and Polly declared it was not for the better. There was a something under-lying his old pleasant manner that shut his lips with a firmness that had never been on his mouth before, and left a shadow in his eyes that told of sleepless nights and troubled days.

"He has not come sect-free out of that love affair," the little woman said to her husband; "that's what it is! Who could Miss Morrison have been, I wonder !

That was it-Polly was right. Cuthbert had found out what love was like, and was paying the penalty of his confidence in himself when he contracted that fatal marriage that cut bim off for ever from all that goes to make a man's happiness in this lower world. He had honestly believed that he should be able to keep free from any fancy for a woman, no matter how lovely she e, but he had reckoned without his host, and he had come back to England as unhappy as

and he had come back to England as unhappy as mortal man could possibly be.

He said very little about it to his friend—who openly questioned him about it, as he knew he might—only admitting that it was a miserable affair, and taking much blance to himself for allowing himself to be drawn into it

"Nothing can alter it, Sam," he said. "It was a horrible mistake—I knew what it must come to, and yet I could not keep away from her. We were neither of us free."

Neither of you! Was the lady married too !

"Married ! No! I did not say that she was not free. I do not know; I had no business to make it necessary for me to be told, but there was some engagement—some contract that she could not break, and so—"

"And so you came near breaking your own heart and hers too!"
"Yes! that's just it—hers too; for, as I am a living man, I believe she had come to love me. I saw it in her dear face—I heard it in her sweet voice every hour that we spent together; and I could not tar awards a spent together; and I could not tear myself away. I had not the moral courage to go back to my work and my horrible secret, and put away the happiness that was growing with overy passing

"And she—well, she did not say go; and I lingored on, till one day I had to tell her—had to admit that I had been letting myself love her with no free hand to ask her to take. I had be haved like a secundrel; and I, a married man, had dared to back in the light of her sweet presence, and think that—"
"In short, you made a donkey of yourself,
Master Cuthbert! What did the lady say!"
"She said it might be that she was fettered

too. She had been thoughtless, for that she was not free to marry anyone, no matter how her heart might speak. It was a promise, I understood, that was as binding as if she were already given away at the altar. She did not say in as many words that she loved me, but she lot me read it in her face; and when we parted she gave me her hand, and said we should meet again. I gathared too that she meet again. I gathared too that she meet again. I gathared too that she meet again. meet again. I gathered, too, that she was travelling to avoid someone—perhaps the man she is promised to. If I thought that, I——"You could do nothing, my boy; remember

your own wife."

"Ay! a myth; dead, perhaps, by this time.
Anyway, never to be anything to me. What
short-sighted creatures we are, Singleton! If we
could only foresee--"
"We should-live in a world of horrors, dear
boy! Rouse yourself, and come out of your
daze about this Miss Morrison. It has been an

unlucky accident—those things always crop up at the wrong time; but for Heaven's sake dou't let it interfere with your work ! I'm quite sure that if you do not spoil the picture between this and May it will have on the 'line' and perhaps be talked about by a prince or a duke, or wheever presides at the banquet. I wish fortune would be fickle to me and Polly in that fashion—that I do!"

Cuthbert Clitheroe's picture was beginning to a talked about. It was, as his friend had said, be talked about. a commission, and the subject was a tolerably hackneyed one, but it was treated in a fashion that brought all its beauties; and critics were beginning to endorse Mr. Singleton's opinion that "Portia" would be the picture of the

It was the Belmont heiress waiting for the man she has given her heart to, to o and the eager, excited face was wondrously beautiful.

excited face was wondrously beautiful.

"I suppose this thing has grown into a likeness of Miss Morrison!" Mr. Singleton said one day, aprepas of nothing as he watched his friend at work, "Where did you get the pattern of that lace! I have seen nothing like it—it's splendid! Don't touch it again, for Heaven's sake, or you will spoil it!" will apoil it !

"I'm not going to; it's finished. I got that lace in Venice—only a crap, but it is wonderfully useful. Yes, my boy, it has grown into a likeness of her. Everything I turn my hand to does. I shall finish my days in a lunatic asylum, I verily believe!

"No you won't! Work is a splendid vent for lunary and megrims of all sorts. People with plenty of healthy work to occupy them don's go mad or get ill—they haven't time; it's only your

lary mopers that do that. And this caucy Nerissa the other one, I suppose in It is somewhat—not

not altogether; her face

"Is not the 'one beloved face on earth!' "Is not the 'one beloved face on earth! as someone says in a play. Of course you could not paint her as you have painted the other. If she sees it she will be flattered!"

"She won't see it. She is going to Egypt, and I don't know where afterwards. This is going to Trewurgie, in Cornwall."

"That's where your 'Beatrice' is. I am almost sure that is the name; and the place belongs to a lady, I believe. Someone who is eccentric and with. I heard that much not long ago. Elkington

sure that is the name; and the place celougs to a lady, I believe. Someone who is eccentric and rich; I heard that much not long ago. Elkington has been there again and has seen it—though, even now, he is not quite sure as to the real owner of the place. A Mr. Smethurst employed him—and the 'elk' is not the wisest of mortals." Cuthbert did not feel much interest in the destination of his nighture in his present mood.

Cathbert oid not feel much interest in the destination of his picture in his present mood, but his friend was right in prophecying that it would be much talked about. It was quite a sensation before the time for sending it in to the Academy came, and daily groups of fine people came to see it on the casel and to congratulate the artist on his foreshadowed success.

"We apply "Partis Whiting" are a small property of the came and the came and the came and the came are considered.

-" Portia Waiting,"-was a small line in the catalogue, but it meant a roped space and a policeman, when the exhibition opened. And all England had read the culogies that had

And all England had read the culogies that had been bestowed on it, and people crowded so to see it that but for timely protection damage would have been done to it and its neighbours. "Sam's" picture was honourably "hung" as well, and the delight of the little man and his honest pride in his good work were things to see. He was better known by the general public than Cuthbert, who could walk through the rooms unnoticed, and listen to the criticisms that are a namusing when they are ground and that are so amusing when they are spont

He was lounging through the great hall one day, when he was startled by a voice near him. It was quite strange to him, but it mentioned his wife's name—" Margaret Huntley."

The speaker was a girl who was with a party, but she was only talking to one of them—a young gentleman who was looking somewhat bored.
"Nonsensel" he said: "there is no non-tall.

"Nonsense!" he said; "there is no portrait of her here."

Yes, there is -- a speaking likeness."

" Where !

"I won't tell you; you shall find out for land; I long to see her so !"

"Wasn't there something queer about her? Wasn't she engaged to that fellow Carruthers? Awful cad he was.

"No, she never was engaged to him. He wanted to marry her to got the money. There was some clause in her father's will that gave it to him if she did not, I believe; but he wanted her as well for the sake of her mother's

"How did she get out of it ?"

Cuthbert listened for the answer, but the girl shook her head with a little laugh.

"You must ask her when you see her. No one ever knew. She did it somehow; for Stanley Carruthers didn's get her. And he was ruined somehow, and-

"Went straight to the deuce! I beg your pardon, Annie, I did not mean to may that, but he did. He has sunk about as low as any man can; and the old lady lives on a pension Mar-garet Huntley allows her. He must have played his cards badly, I am sure!"

They rose as he spoke, and Cuthbert Clithe-roe rose too, and followed them. He should

ree rose too, and followed them. He should at least know what his wife was like if there was any picture of her in the rooms. It was not seeking her—he had promised never to do that—but at least he might look upon her face

on canvas without any breach of contract.

His heart was beating fast as he went after the two who had spoken, till they came to where a crowd, always besought to "move on," surrounded the "Portia." It was one of those pertraits, then, that hung just over it! One removedessly "skied," and deserving of its fate, and the other in a place of honour.

It surely could not be that ! the "Portrait of a Lady"—just over his own work was the picture of a sedate dame of sixty or theresbouts, rather hard-faced and excessively prim, but wonderfully painted. The other was a wild dream of a red-haired woman sprawling on a couch—goggle-eyed and claw-dingered, and christened "Day Dream." If the artist had called it nightmare it would have been more called it nightmare it would have been more

appropriate.

Outhbert shivered, and thought to herself that he was lucky not to have seen his wife's face if that was the sort of woman she was. But that

was not it—nor the old lady either!

The pair were pressing forward to the "Portia;" and when they had established themselves in the front row he heard the girl say to

her companion,—
"Isn't it a lovely likeness?"
"Her vary self, by Jove!" the young man replied. "However did she come to sit for her likeness for a picture like that?"

Was the world coming to an end? Did his cars deceive him?

Cuthbert Clitheroe felt as if the pictures and the floor were coming tegether in one confused heap; but another voice joined the conversation and confirmed what he had heard.

"Isn't it a wonderful likeness!" a gentleman said who joined the two who had been speaking.
"Mr. Clitheroe must have seen her abroad, I fancy. She looks well as Portia!"

fancy. She looks well as Portia; "It is a pity she is not here to see it," the first speaker said. "She would be proud of such a speaker said. "She would be proud of such a

"She might well be. It is the best picture of the year; better than all the Academy men's ons. There has bosn feeling as well rt in every touch of the brush. Come out of the way, and save the policeman the trouble of telling

The party came back to the middle of the room, and after a moment or two found seats; and Cuthbert lingered—sitting, too, for he was trambling in every limb.

"It is the best portrait of Margaret Huntley I have ever seen!" the young girl who had first spoken of it remarked, "I wish she would come home again!"

"Who is taking my name in vain?" said a voice that thrilled through every nerve in Cuthbert's body, and sent his wits to the four winds—and two ladies same up to the people he had heard, and stood before them. Miss Morrison and her companion, Mrs. Adair. "Here I am," the heiress said. "What are you saying about me, heires said. "What are you saying about me, good people?"
"Wishing you were here; and talking about your portrait."
"My portrait! it is not exhibited. I have had it painted certainly, but—"
"But it hangs there for all that! There, in

the place of honour with a special guard. Haven't you seen the 'Portia' !"
"The 'Portia' !" and the lady's cheek flushed suddenly and grew pale again. "My picture !"

uddenly and grew pale again. "My picture!"
"Your very self. Look!"
The crowd parted a little and showed the sweet
alm face and graceful beauty of Shakespeare's

heroine.

The heiress blushed furiously now, and seemed confused; but there was something like a tear in her eye as she looked earnestly at the painting.

"I had heard of the 'Portla,' she said; "In fact, I had seen it in the aketeh. It was begun in Rome, you know; but I had no idea—"

"That you were going to figure in it so conspicuously. You are honoured, Margaret!"

"I am indeed—I—Mr. Clitheroe!"

A sudden turn had brought her face to face with the artist, who was looking at her with a face as pale as that of a corpse.

(Continued on page 501.)

BLACK is not the colour of the negro when first born. It is a remarkable fact that the negro infant comes into the world white, only with a yellowish tinge; and that it becomes progressively darker until the tenth day, when it is perfectly black.

LEILA VANE'S BURDEN.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Most assuredly the vague feelings of discomfort that communicated themselves to Leila in the days following on her arrival at Wilton Crosbie and her renewed acquaintance with her husband's mother did not approach her husband in the very least. In fact, Julian Bernadine would scarcely have liked to confess to anyone, even to so privileged and true a friend as Mrs. Sylvester, the depth of his relief at his mother's gentle reception of his wife.

He was utterly and entirely deceived by Mrs. Bernadine's manner, just as she intended that he should be deceived. His eager desire to bring about an absolutely sympathetic feeling between his mother and Leila blinded him to a great extent to the difficulties which Mrs. Sylvester had alluded to, and which his remembrance of the disagreeable way in which the announcement of his engagement had been greated by his mother should have prepared him for. But although Julian did not forget how bitterly Mrs. Bernadine had set herself against Leila, not only in the first moment of his betrothal, but from the very beginning of her acquaintance with the girl, he had now found a speedy and, to him, complete explanation for this bitterness; at least he found the explanation fully for his mother's anger against his marriage, even when he recalled her unsympathetic early treatment of Leila, with sling of regret that could not be wholly put aside.

aside.

The situation that byegone day had been fraught with every conceivable pain and bitterness to such a woman as his mother. As long as he lived Julian would never be able to forget the hot anger that had surged in his heart for the well-bred scoundrel who had managed to attain why woman as woman as he had surged. such power over a woman as he had managed to obtain over Mrs. Bernadine. If there would come now and then a return of the hot shame Julian had felt for his mother's foolish vanity and weakness, mingling in with the anger against Rustace Vane, his deep love, his tender heart instantly tried to banish this shame, even to excuse it altogether.

There were never any half measures about Julian Bernadine; where he loved he loved, and would continue to love, though all the world might be against his love; and as we have so repeatedly shown there were more influences at work to bind him closer to his mother than the ordinary ties of filial affection and esteem.

med to him therefore as the crowning touch to his great happiness to find on his return home that not only had all the bitterness and jealousy died out of his mother's heart for his young wife, but that evidence was given of a desire on his mother's part to become a necessary. adjunct to that young wife's life and to minister by every means in her power to the strengthening and continuation of his happiness.

He said as much to Leila one day soon after their return to Wilton Crosbie, and as Leila heard the ring of deep emotion that sounded in his voice as he spoke of this bond between his mother and herself (this bond of sympathy that was so utterly without foundation!) as she realized, perhaps for the first time, how much, how very much, this sympathy between Mrs. Bernadine and herself was necessary to her husband's content if not actual happiness, Leila wa conscious of a sharp pang through her heart. It was not jealousy she felt. Leila was built of different material to poor, foolish, selfish, Helen Bernadine; it was at once a presentiment and a recognised grief, for the girl could not hide from elf, however much she might work to bring about this sweet intercourse Julian seemed to imagine existed already between his mother and wife. Success in such an undertaking was far, far away from her; she even doubted, indeed, whether it ever would or could come.

The knowledge was a source of great sadness to Lella; it fell like a thin, grey mist over the golden warmth of her new life, and although, of ourse, it had not power enough to touch the

beauty of her love, it was something that was so closely allied to her every thought of Julian that with very little more it might crosp even into her greatest and most sacred happiness.

or feelings for her husband were full of such exquisite gratitude, as well as affection, that Leila's whole desire was to give him back to the treasure of faith and full extent of her power the thought and sympathy which was the base on which his love was built.

While she had been away with himalone remem brance of his mother had never come very sharply to Leila; indeed, as we have seen, even the memory of her father had not obtruded itself upon her, at least with any distinctness or ferce till that day in Paris when a chance resemblance had brought everything back to her mind with a bitter and

despairing ruch.

She had lived in a dream from the day of her betrothal ap to that moment; and it is more than likely that this dream, fostered by Julian's close presence and strong yet tender would have lingered for many and many a future month had she not been brought so quickly into contact with her husband's mother and made to in a vague uneasy way, that this mother would never give her sympathy or affection neither would she let Lella forget that, happy as she might be in the present and future, the past held stories which were such as to blight the happiness of any daughter.

Swift as she was to recognise the truth of Mrs. Bernadine's feelings, Leila was equally swift to make her resolution concerning them, which was that, however much she might suffer through Mrs. Bernsdine's most evident dislike of her she must propere herself to bear such sufferings

entirely alone.

"Julian must never know—never even guesa the truth," Leila said to herself, bravely, as she sat alone after that interview in which he had spoken so contentedly about his mother. "It would be such a bitter disappointment to him—such a sorrow f And it is my place to keep all unhecessary sorrows away from him. Beaides," she mused on cheering herself against her instinct, "besides, it may be only my fancy, and even if it is not fancy I must be generous and sensible, too. I must remember whas Julian is to her—what he has been. I must try and put to her—what he has been. I must try and put myself in her place; I am quite sure if I were as she is I should hate any woman who came and robbed me of my on. I know no special reason why Mrs. Berundine should dislike me beyond the fact that I am Julian's wife."

The girl had mused on a little wearily after this thought.

this thought.

"I know she was cold to me when I first met her, but I have always felt that she may not have approved of my independence; that my life of work may have seemed wrong to her in some way or other. A working woman is still a somal anomaly to some people."

cial anomaly to some people."
Lella smiled faintly at the thought, but the cloud fell over her eyes and lips again; she was going back into the past for a moment. She was recalling the sudden arrival of her father that day at Wilton Crobie, and how the coldness in Mrs. Bernadine's manner had deepened afterher,

"She set me down as an unnatural and pos-sibly an ill-mannered daughter, and, judging by appearances, she must have fait herself right in doing so." Leila gave another little in daresay if I could only gauge her feelings I should discover that the prejudice, or dislike, or what-ever it may be dates, in reality, from that day." And then Leila resolutely banished old me-

mories.

It is needless to dwell on what is past and gone ; the future is so much more important, wish I knew just how to approach her; it is hard work struggling against a difficulty which cannot be grasped or named exactly. If she would only be frank with with me, or even definitely an-tagonistic!"

Deep down in her heart, only it was uncon-ious and wholly unconfessed, there lurked another thought.

If only our married life could be lived with at her! If only we could be alone together!"
Lells would have shrunk from even thinking a cruel thought against anyone, but she was only human, and the wisdom that had prompted Mrs. Sylvester to speak out so bluntly to Julian Bernadine crept unconsciously into the young wife's heart as she sat alone turning over the subject of her mother-in-law, and trying to forget the litterness that she felt assured would come to her from closer intimacy with Mrs. Ber-nadine, in remembering the sincere delight Julian had expressed at his mother's presence and share in their happiness

With this last memory so vividly before her Leila could not even permit a suggestion to escape her lips of a life apart from Mrs. Bernadine however much she might have desired it, or

recognized the wisdom of such a course of action.

She was, however, well qualified by old experience to meet and bear with trouble, and she determined, therefore, that this trouble with her husband's mother should be met and endured, patiently and silencly if needs be, all the days of should her efforts fail to overcome it

She had a nervous dread whenever she found herself alone with Mrs. Bernadine of hearing some

mention of her father's name. Being wholly ignorant of the events which had led Julian to make that hurried journey from Wavetown to Wilton Creebie on the day following their betrothal; ignorant also of the change that had been wrought in Mrs. Bernadine's feelings towards Eustace Vane, and remembering only the power which her father's extraordinary fascination had worked upon Julian's mother, it was most natural that Leila should anticipate some mention of his name.

As the days passed, however, and Mrs. Berga-dine continued wholly allent on this point, Leila attributed the allence to a renewed proof of her husband's tender care of her.

How little did she guess, poor child, that Julian would as willingly have struck his mother a hard blow as have given her the meats! hurt of hearing him speak of Eustace Vane!

So much would have been clear to Leila, so much would have been spared her in the future,

could she have only known this; but no man or woman could clame Julian Bernadine for his eagerness to keep this last black page of her father's life shut away from the girl's eyes for ever if possible.

His fears as to his mother's added dislike to Lella because of her relationship with the man who had so humiliated her were so completely set at rest by Mrs. Bernadine's gentle manner that it was easy to understand that he should set a higher value upon that manner than his common sense would have led him to do under

ordinary circumstances.

If the truth must be told, Julian was conscious If the truth must be told, Julian was conscious now and then of a pang at his heart when he saw his stately mother step aside with such gentle submission from her place as mistress of Wilton Crossie and defer to Leils in every possible way, and he would have been extremely astonished could he have only known that this gentleness, which was so touching and eloquent to him, was a source of pain to his young wife, but of a yery different quality to his own.

Julian was not is the least a stupid man, but

Julian was not in the least a stupid man, but Julian was not in the least a stupid man, but he was like most broad, brave, honest, straightforward minds, exceedingly simple, and, though, of course, he knew that such a thing as sublety existed in the world, his mother would have appeared to him the very last creature on earth who could possibly possess this trait in her character. He had, in fact, as we have often seen silently deplored, a certain lack of restraint and tact which had revealed itself only too often in his life with his mother alone and had set in his life with his mother alone, and had set down, as we have also observed, much of the misery of her marriage to these faults in her nature. He thought he knew her so well. Even in the affair with Eustace Vane, though he had suffered shame in her humiliation, everything had been so clear to him, she had fallen a victim to that vanity which was so strongly a part of herself.

It was destined that Julian was to learn that much and tenderly as he had studied his mother's character, he was to find many things in that character that would be at once a shock and a But that day was not come yet, and reading only that which was written on the surface, Julian could not hide the satisfaction he felt in the gentle yet absolute way his mother met the new events of his life, and acquiesced in them. Those first days at Wilton Crosbie after his return with his wife were indeed haldyon days to Julian. Not even in his dreams had he imagined it possible for a man to be so blessed, so filled with tender joy, as every hour of his new life was; and Lella, basking in the sunshine of his happiness, that was ao much more to her than her own, felt she would be guity of nothing less than a crime were she to introduce such a grief as proof of his mother's concealed antagonism to her must of a necessity be!

She hid it away in the innermost depths of She hid it away in the innermost depths of her heart. She was so determined in her resolution that Julian should learn nothing from her that she managed to convey in her manner with Mrs. Bernadine the fact that she was as ignorant of the elder woman's true feelings towards herself as Julian himself, and this was by no means pleasing to Mrs. Bernadine.

Just a week or so before Christmas Julian carried Lella with London in resource to.

carried Lella up to London, in response to a resolute sort of invitation from Mrs. Sylvester,

"I am sure you will want to have a look in at your various clubs, and Leila must want to see your various clubs, and Leila must want to see the shops—so come up at once. You will only find Margot, who is pluing to see your wife. Cicely is off on a long visit to some of the Langton people—not at my instigation. I am in terror lest anything should occur to break off her engagement. Really the way she treats poor Foby is too terrible. I am sure his family will resent it? He is such a good boy too—miles too good for my Cis; who with all her prettiness has in comprehension of the word heart. She is as far apart from Margot as the two poles."

heart. She is as far agree and a said almost two poles."

"Much, much farther," Leila had said almost passionately as she read this letter with Julian. "Cicely Sylvester is not even in the same world with my dear Margot!"

Julian laughed at this; but he was a trifle

jeslous all the same.

"How you worship Margot!" he said, rather grudgingly; "it is my firm belief, you care more for her than for all the rest of the world put together."

Leila smiled up at him. "And it is my firm belief that you are a very nilly person!" she observed, with that touch of pretty impertinence that had only been revealed since her marriage, and was something that no one ever saw but Julian, He smilled back into the sweet violet eyes new,

He smiled back into the sweet vigiet eyes now, and bent his head to him her lips, "We'll go!" he said, decidedly, "Mrs. Sylvester is always right. I suddenly teel that I have a yearning to see Loudon, and I believe you are hantering after the dirty old place just as much. You will like to go, dearest?"

Leila assented gently; but in her own heart she was smared how engerly she seized on this chance of an absence from Wilton Crosbie and livery Mrs. Barnadine.

from Mrs. Bernadine.

It was a sign to her that the strain had h even greater than she had known of sustaining the part she had set herself to play with her hus-

the part she had set herself to play was not her band's mother.

She wrote off immediately to Mrs. Sylvester, and enclosed a few words of delight to Margot. There was such saushine in her heart at this thought of being so soon with her true dear friends that it was flashed out on her face, and rang in the sound of her woice; she could not deny the fulness and sweetness of this pleasure.

Mrs. Burnadice received the news of the forth-compar journey with the same gentle patient.

coming journey with the same gentle patient bearing that characterised her altogether just

"You will enjoy being in London," she said to "You will enjoy being in London," she said to Leila that same evening as they sat at dinner. She always made a point of speaking prettily to Lady Bernadine when Julian was present.

Leila answered, "Very much," with a smile; "it seems so long since I saw Margot," she said.

Mrs. Bernadine smiled back.

"Oh! of course, I was forgetting there was an

old schoolgirl enthusiasm between yourself and

cld schoolgir! enthusiasm between yourself and Madeline Sylvester. Julian you will have to content yourself with playing second fiddle while you ere in London. Leila and Margot are sure to be inseparable!"

Julian laughed good-humouredly.
"I don't intend to play second fiddle to anyone, mother—not even to auburn-headed Margot; by the way, it is strange such a handsome girl should cemain unmarried, ian't it! You know, Leila, I consider your Margot one of the few really beautiful girls I have seen in England!"
Leila's face coloured with pleasure.

"And she is not merely physically beautiful," the said, "her nature is worthy of her lovely face. I don't know whether my enthusiasm is school girliah or not; but this I do know," Leila eaid, earnestly, "that I hold myself honoured to be allowed to know myself loved by Margot, and to love her in return."

to love her in return."

Mrs. Bernadine gave a little trembling sigh;
her eyes happened to catch her son's ut this

ant unseen by Leila.

I am unfortunate," she said almost in a wist ful tone. "I did not mean to hurt you, Leils, by my remark about your old friendship," It was Julian who answered.

"Hurt I dear mother, why do you say such a thing! Of course Leila is not hurt; are you, my

Leila answered him instantly,

"I should be a very silly person indeed if I could take umbrage at such a little thing!" she said quite gently, but with a touch of coldness she could not repress creeping into the tone of her voice

Mrs. Bernadine looked at her daughter-inlaw for one second; she instantly grasped that faint note of coldness of annoyance; it gave her pleasure even while it stung her a little. Leila's calm acceptance of all her suggested animosity had been something that Helen Bernadine was not prepared to support calmly. She was planning out a double game to be played in herson's married life. She had made a passionate yow to herself that she would win her way back to the place she had held before Leila came on the scene, and before that miserable story of vanity and folly had been written between herself and Eustace Vane. She was burning with a fever that was not wholly fed with wrong or jealous desires to reinstate herself in her boy's love and esteem, she wanted more than this. She wanted to take aven a higher place than she had formerly held, she wanted to be to him the empanion that Leila was, to personify the intellectual and cultivated sympathy which even her jealous eyes were forced to see was so much a part of the happiness of his married life.

No one could shut their hearts to the pathos of such desires, although the hopelessmess, the futility of ever achieving such desires as Helen Bernadine hoped to do must have struck all thinking people that she should and could creep back into her boy's heart, and be as senderly loved as a she had ever been was speedily demonstrated, but that at this late year of her life she should be able to twint and unwind her nature as to seem even a semblance of the thoughtful, cultured, wholly human and artistic nature of the girl who had married Julian was but an added proof, if such were needed, to the foolishness and vanity that had calm acceptance of all her suggested animosity had been something that Helen Bernadice was

married Julian was but an added proof, if such were needed, to the foolishness and vanity that had

always been such a dominant part of her character. The fact is that even now could Julian have insigned the real condition of his mother's mind towards his wife, if some chance had but revealed the misery that her most unjust and unjustificable jealousy was working in that mind; if Leila had been different to what she was, and had let the screet of the older woman's antagonism to herself come to her husband's knowledge, the herself come to her husband's knowledge, the result would have been a happier one for all concerned, and for none of them more than for Helen Bernadine herself. The mental condition in which she was now living was absolutely against her real nature. Weak, foolish, vain, inchess as she was, Helen Bernadine had nevertheless a touch of the real woman about her; she was conder by nature, and if circumstances had not conspired to pour gall into her thoughts this tenderness might most possibly have shown itself for Leila as time went on. for Leila as time went on

The great mischief that was at work with Julian's mather was the fact of her isolation at this particular crisis. She was emphatically the last person in the world to have been permitted to realize this mental isolation, or to have been allowed to brood over her thoughts for hours and hours by herself as had been the case ever since Julian's betrothal. The effect of such brooding, such isolation, to one who had ever been dependent in the fullest sense of the word, was fraught, not only with disaster for the woman's own nature, but with disaster for the woman's own nature, but with disaster for the woman's own nature, but with hisself and his wife, instead of soothing, her and giving her pleasure, was an additional touch to the burden of wrongs which the poor foolish, unhappy jealous creature considered her son's marriage had put upon her. When the news of their approaching departure to London was given her, Mrs. Bernadine only managed to restrain her hysterical anger with a great effort.

"I am alone in the world, I am not wanted; if

I died to morrow they would never miss me!
They would still be together and happy."
This was the thought that burned in her breast as she listened to Julian rathing on as to

what they would do when they were in town.
Once he turned to her.
"Why not come with us, dear?" he said, sudwhy not come with us, dear? he said, sud-denly remembering how dull and solitary her life might be while they were absent. For the life of her Leila could not find the courage to make her add her urging to his.

Mrs. Bernadine laughed.
"I am not invited, Julian," she said very lightly.
"As if that would matter," Julian cried. "Mrs.
Sylvester would be only too delighted, and..."
But Mrs. Bernsdine shook her head, still

But Many Decisions and all that, but—well," with a sigh, "I don't feel equal to London just now. Oh, yes, I am quite well, darling, only I think I am happier in the country. You know I don't care for towns, and besides," this was said very, yery gently as she stood with Julian's arm shouts was gently as the stood with Julian's arm shouts. very gently is an stood with Julian's and south her, while Leila had moved away a few yards and was distributing some biscuits among Julian's tribe of dogs—"and besides, my own boy—you know—young people are glad to be by themselves some times, and

"And you are talking a great deal of nonsense, Mrs. Bernadine," Julian end lightly, though there was a sound of deep emotion in his voice. "Della, come here; listen to what this dear silly creature

was a sound of deep emotion in his voice. "Beila, come here; listen to what this dear silly creature is saying." He repeated his mother's words, and as he did so he drew Leila's slender form close to his heart, and taking her hand he put it into his mother's. "Take side with me, and tell this mother's. "Take side with me, and tell this may have been the side with me, and tell this may have our happiness with her, and that it is part of our happiness with her, and that it is part of our happiness with her, and that it is part of our happiness with her, and that it is part of our happiness with her beautiful eyes to her husband. "I have prayed from the very beginning, Julian, that your mother should know and believe always, always," the girl repeated, "that I want to rob her of nothing, to stand between her and nothing that is hers. That her happiness shall run always with your happiness while it rests in my power to further this, and that I have no wish so big or so strong as the wish that our lives together may; be full of understading, of truest sympathy, of content, and of peace."

Leila's voice was very low as she said these words, but there was that in her words and in her manner that carried a sort of passionate conviction of the truth of what she said.

As she finished, Julian's arms closed more firmly about her and she let her head reat on his breast, whilst Mrs. Bernadine turned and went away silently and swiftly.

away ellently and swiftly.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE day following this little scene saw Sir Julian and Lady Bernadine established in Mrs. Sylvester's well-known and most fuxurious house.

There was no outward excitement in the greeting between Leila and Margot, only the two girls clung together for a long moment rather as if they were parting instead of meeting.

Mrs. Sylvester had her share of pleasure in esing the young couple whose happiness she had been so instrumental in advancing. Her remarks about Leila's appearance brought many blushes to the young wife's cheeke, and delighted Julian most tremendously. In truth the atmosphere that surrounded this brink clever woman, and the happiness Leils telt at sight of her dear girl friend once more had brought an added touch of beauty to her face and eyes. Here in this genial sincere walth of affection all the worry that had been growing of late in the girl's mind over the question of Mrs. Bernadine slipped away from her altogether. been so instrumental in advancing. Her remarks her altogether.

It was distinctly a merry quarter that sat at dinner, and every time Mrs. Spivester glanced at Leila a picture of leveliness in one of her prettiest trousseau frocks she had an added sense of satisfaction. The pain too, that she had feared to read in her Margot's eyes was absent altogether, and so it was with a real touch of joy that Mrs. Sylvester welcomed Juliau Bernadine and his

wife to her home once again.

There was a visit to the theatre after dinner, and then when all were going to rest Sir Julian good-naturedly betook humself to the smooting-room and gave up Leils for an hour's confidential chat with Margot.

The two girls had so much to say to one another the hour had vanished and they were making deep inroads into another when Julian was heard outside the door meekly inquiring

was neard outside the door meetly inquiring whether he might see his wife for one moment, just to say "good-night."

The laughter and general happiness that encircled the first evening of the visit to London did not decrease as the days went past; but it

was not all laughter.

Leils had one very important half-hour's conversation with her husband; she had something to ask him, and she asked it not without a little beating of her heart and a touch of trepidation

Do you mind, dear !" she queried softly at

"So, madam, you are not content to be happy with your husband and his society. You must need desire to plunge into the vortex of society

"I am sure I am!" Lells said, demurely, but her eyes were full of engerness as she waited for his serious answer to her question. It came very soon.

"Do you think you are strong enough for work, my sweetest?" he asked tenderly. "I feel as strong as a horse!" Lella said,

almost proudly.
"You look it!" was his answer; then he talked

the whole matter over with her.

"You know if you undertake to write this book for this publisher you will have to sacrifice a great deal of your time."
"It will not be a sacrifice to me, Julian, You know I have so many hours in which I am

shockingly lasy. Julian pondered.

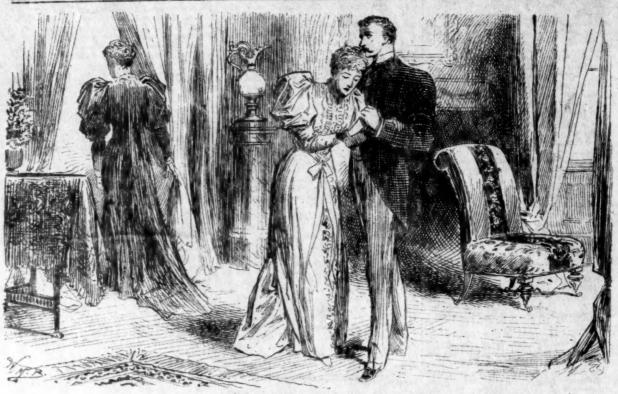
"I don't like the idea of my wife earning money!" he said, after a pause.
"I will not use your name, darling," Loila said, and then she taughed softly, "and I fear I am never likely to earn very much!"
"Yes, but you will earn some!"
Leila was silent a moment.

"I thought of that, and I knew it was a point

"I thought of that, and I knew it was a point that would not appeal to you, my dear love," she said very softly, "but—" she paused again.

"But you have some idea—what is it?" She told him very quietly.

All the money she carned should be paid to some person, Mrs. Sylvester, for choice, and should be considered as a reserve fund to supply her father's wants. Julian heard her to the end, and was silent so long that her heart beat ner-When he spoke, however, his tone was so



MRS. BERNADINE TURNED AND WENT AWAY SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY.

kind that she knew she need never have feared

"I will consent to this, my dearest," he said, "I will consent to this, my dearest," he said,
"but on one distinct consideration, and that is
that you undertake this work merely as a
pactime and as an artistic pleasure, not for the
sake of carving money, which will merely be
squandered in dissipation."

Leils kissed him noftly.

"You are so good to me, my husband," she said; and indeed tears were always near her eyes when she realised how much of his life he would give to her to make her happiness a certain thing.

"And now, have you asked me everything, or is there more lurking in your mind?

Leila smiled.

"There is one more thing. Will you let me go with Margot and pay a visit to may old rooms and to the woman who was so good to meî

"It will make you unhappy, my sweet." She shook her head.

"No; it will make me happy, for I cannot bear to seem ungrateful, and Mrs. Newton was so kind, so good to me. You can come with me if you like.

But Julian shrank from this.

Now that she was his, now that he had daily, hourly contact with her delicate sensitive soul, now that the physical frailness of her young frame was known to him and was a constant auxiety, he could not bear to go and look upon the place where her sorrow had been so great, her labour so continual.

It would have been a definite hurt to him. "You must buy something for this good soul and give it to her from me," he said, and he pushed a bank note in her hand.

Leila and Margot walked to Mountroyal-street. "A carriage would seem almost pretentious Leila said. She had a touch of sincere deligi running through the gloomy thoughts that this journey aroused so naturally.

come when I should pay a kind of fairy-princess visit to Mrs. Newton," she said.

But Margot it seemed had always been optimistic on this point.

"Oh, I knew your life must change. I knew the fairy-king would come, just as he has done."
"And such a fairy-king!" Leila said, half to herself, blushing as she did so.

Margot found she could endure to hear about Julian Bernadine, to talk to Julian, to laugh with

him in the easiest manner possible.
"I did not know I could change so quickly," she had thought to herself, a little contemptuously ; but Margot need have had no contempt for her-self. She had conquered herself, but it had not been an easy task, and maybe it would never have come had not another influence come into her life so opportunely to sak for her sympathy and her admiration, if not for her love.

The very likeness that existed between Giles Bernadine and his cousin had been his chief point of attraction, and also the strongest element in Margot's victory over herself.

The old street and the old house was reached after a brisk walk through the keen east-wind.

Leila was smiling, but she looked pale as they rang the bell, and then waited for Mrs. Newton to

When this event happened there was as much excitement in the dingy little house as though some queen had arrived and paid a visit. Leila's heart was deeply touched by the warmth of the welcome she received.

welcome she received.

"I am glad I came. Oh! I am glad I came," she said to Marget, as they sat in the parlour waiting for the tea they were bound to drick.

"Poor little house! I had such a hatred of it for a time, now I feel as though to hate it again would be to do a great wrong. I shall have a new and a teader remembrance of it in the future!"

Ah! little did Leila think as she said these words of the important part this dingy little

"How little I ever imagined the day would lodging-house was destined to play in the workme when I should pay a kind of fairy-princess
sit to Mrs. Newton," she said.

(To be continued.)

CARVING is one of the most ancient of occupa-Carvings were well executed during the period of man's early occupation of the caves of Europe, and most persons who have familiarised themselves with archaeological research know the figure of fish or seal engraved on the canine teeth of large carnivora, and the bear, reindeer, musk ox, horse, mammoth and other animals carved on reindeer-horn implements, or en plates of ivory, the figures of the animals being at times cut fully in the round, and found in the lowest strata of the caves, under many feet of cave earth and stalagma, and associated with the bones of a quaternary, and, at times, an arctic fauna. The quaternary, and, at times, an arctic fauna. The similarity of much of this cave work with much of the Eskimo production of the present day has given rise to innumerable theoricommon origin for both people. s concerning a

ONE of the latest uses to which paper has been turned is the making of telegraph-poles. The paper pulp employed is saturated with a mixture of borax, tallow, &c., and is cast in a mould with a core in the centre, forming a hollow rod of any desired length. The paper poles are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and to be unaffected by the many weather influences which shorten the life of the wooden pote. It is doubtful, however, whether the paper pole will come to be anything like a rival to the iron pole, which has been well tested under the most trying conditions across arid stretches of country in Australia. Insects that eat out the core of everything in the shape of wood, leaving the shell only, and bird borers that drill holes in the toughest of trees, let the iron pole pass, and even wandering tribes cannot chop it up for firewood.

taj re wi



"YOU HAVE THE CURSES OF TWO DEAD BROKEN-HEARTED MEN TO TROUBLE YOUR CONSCIENCE," SAID MARGERY-EOTLY.

DR. DURHAM'S DAUGHTER.

-- 20:--

CHAPTER XXVI.

As Margery Durham did not—or rather could not—speak, Lord Edenbridge took up the thread of his plea and the loving argument thereof.

"As for your own father, Margery," he went on, "he has known my desire and intention—has, in fact, been my confidant—for a long while past; only he advised me, said that it would be the better plan—if I could find the patience to do so—to maintain towards you an honourable silence until my position in my rightful home should be well assured, and my father, the Earl, as well as himself, apprised of my hopes of winning you.

you.
"So I acted throughout upon Dr. Durham's advice, as I have done in other matters heretofore, for no one's counsel is sounder than his—or, trust me, Margery, sweet, I should have spoken

trust me, Margery, sweet, I should have pout long ago!

"And so you see new, my dear one, you have nothing whatever to apprehend in either direction—either from your side, I mean, or from mine.

"Why, then declare so foolishly, Margery, that you are unworthy!" said he tenderly, looking that have a see that the second of th

straight into her eyes.

She slipped from her low seat and half knelt there at his feet.

there at his feet.

For it seemed to her, poor child, that, in making her confession, her attitude towards him could not be too lowly or abased.

"Lord Edenbridge," she began, "you believe that you are offering your love to a good, an upright, a stainless woman—a woman without reproach. When you have heard me, all that I wish to tell you, you will say perhaps that I amothing of the kind."

Then without further healtains or wreapples.

Then without further hesitation or preamble, and keeping back nothing, Margery made full confession to him of that old offence of hers, that act of meanness, which she had committed de-liberately months before, when, screened by the door which shut off the surgery-passage, she had listened there, unsuspected, undetected, to the pleadings of Yolande Kildare—thus watching her weep and plead in vain, and himself at the same time inexorable in sending her heart-broken from

his presence.

She told him likewise—and it was the simple truth—that her burthened conscience, since that unhappy night, had never once been quite at reat; for the knowledge and the shame of a transgression in itself at once so paltry and yet so dishonourable had seemed to her sometimes a load even greater than her heart could bear.

Could be ever forget?.... Could he ever

Could be ever lorget?

The interrupted her by placing his strong arms around her, and raising the suppliant figure of Margery once more to the seat by his side.

His smile now was just a little sorrowful, perhaps; but in it there was never a tinge of repreach, as he quoted gently,—

"Lancelot,
Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love."
He answered, with his eyes upon the ground,
'That is love's curse; pass on, my queen, forgiven."

Margery's tears fell fast.

"Lyulph—Lyulph," she sobbed, brokenly—
"you are too good—too generous—too noble!"
"No, sweetheart," he answered fondly; "I
think if it be a question of generosity and nobility

three qualities surely of a right belong to you, in that you have so freely acknowledged your error—if error it be at all, my darling.

"And do you know," Lord Edeabridge continued, "that it was only my dawning love for you, Margery dearest, which kept me strong and firm of purpose in that hour of temptation you witnessed."

"It was a struggle—a sharp trial," he said,
"and the wily temptress was at her best.
"It was not, however, the memory of poor
Karl von Rosenberg's wrongs and suicide which
enabled me to resist effectually her passionate entreaties so much as the thought of your own sweet face, Margery, your own true eyes, the

secret hope of winning your own dear self in the days to come, when the old fever and madness should have died out utterly, and the evil en-chantment of Yolande Kildare be no longer a

thing to be feared.

"I knew that I was beginning to love a good woman at last; and the knowledge lent to me a strength and determination I had never previously known.

"You saved me, Margery sweet—and you alone—it is the truth, dear love.
"Had it not been for that sweet thought of you and a possible future undreamed of until then, I should inevitably have been lost once more—and for ever—in the toils of the "wily Vivien."

Margery was clasped to his heart as he spoke; and their lips met then in the first long sweet trembling kiss of a mutual trust and perfect

"And, Margery -you do love me !" he whis-ered. "Tell me so again and again my

perco. Tell me so again—and again—my daring 1"

"I believe that I had learned to love you, Lyulph, in my dreams—even before we had met," she confessed, "Oh, Lyulph, is that possible?"

For response she felt her lover's kisses once more upon her lips, upon her hair, upon her closed eyes—she knew that her head was pillowed upon his breast.

And it seemed to Margery then that life in And it seemed to margery then that the in-the better world to come must be blest and haloyon indeed, if the joy and rapture to be found there hereafter shall be greater than the infinite happiness and content attainable in this mortal world below.

On the following morning, after breakfast, Lord Edenbridge sent the carriage to fetch Mar-gery to Foxdale Castle, to spend the day with Lady Anne Guest, or, in reality, for Margery to pay her first visit to the Earl of Beaumanoir in the new strange character of his future daughter-

"Here, my child," said Dr. Durham, as he rose from the table and unlocked his private drawer in a stout, old-fashioned chest furnished drawer in a stout, our tannoned onest intransed with quaint brass knobs and fittings, which sup-ported an equally mass we and old-fashioned book-case in the breakfast-parlour—"here, my dear child, when you see the Earl to-day, give him that it represents a portion of the dower which I have seen fit to bestow upon my daughter on the occasion of her

marriage.

"Lord Beaumanoir is aware," added Margery's father, laughing in his genial way, "that I am not exactly a poor man; so I dareasy you will not surprise his lordship very much, after all, my

dear.

Dr. Durham bending over the back of Margery's chair as he apoke, just kissed the parting of her soft derk hair; dropping into her lap as he did so a large blue legal-looking document, folded lengthwise, tied with narrow pink tape, and ed with red wax.

aled with red wax.
"Take care of it, Margery," said he, as he went
to his waiting gig. "Doubtless we shall out to his waiting gig. "Doubtless we shall meet again at the Castle by and-by, later on perhaps at luncheon. So good-bye until then, my dear

Wondering greatly over the possible contents and purport of the packet, Margery placed it carefully in her pocket, and then went upstairs to put on her best bonnet and cloak.

When the Castle carriage rolled up to the doctor's door, Aunt Susan, in her smart morningcap, came out on to the steps to see Margery get

in and drive away.

Hearty indeed had been the congratulations of the good lady, on the previous evening, when the

news was imparted to her by her niece.

And it would, Margery knew, he through no fault of Aunt Susan's, if her-Margery's engagement to Viscount Edenbridge were not the common talk in Foxdale, and in Revelatoke as well, before the going down of the sun that

day.

Perhaps at heart Margery Durham was really too happy to feel very nervous at the idea of facing the Earl.

Auyway, when, on her arrival at the Castle, she was conducted straightway to Lady Anne's own spartment, where the Earl's sister was waiting for Margery, some irresistible impulse sent the girl flying towards the elder woman, laughing and crying in the same breath upon her shoulder, with emotions in which existed not one particle of four

And are you indeed-really and trulyfeetly satisfied with me, dear Lady Anne ?" Margery asked her earnestly, later in the morning, for about the twentieth time, perhaps, though she had varied the form of the question as much as possible.

Are you sure—are you quite sure? Could in truth have wished no handsomer, no wealthier, no better born wire for Lyulph than the very ordinary and faulty young woman whom he has now so perversely chosen !

And the quiet answer of Lady Anne Guest was always the same.

"You, dearest child, of all fair women in the world, are the one I would have chosen as the wife for our lad. Why, Margery, do you know," added Lady Anne, "long ago I prophesied to myself that your acquaintance with him must end in this fashion. I mean, when we all know him as "Mr. Lynne!"

Lord Edenbridge, as usual, was out somewhere with Mr. Malcolm, the steward. Margery would meet her lover at luncheon, in all probability, together with her father, Lady Anne Guest ex

plained to the girl.

But the Earl himself was not yet out of his room, being far from well to-day, Margery heard. Weaker and weaker grew Lord Beaumanoir with every setting sun—there could be no shut-

eyes to the sorrowful fact now. ting one's The end, they all knew, might come at any time; albeit the exact hour and its day were in mercy hidden from their ken.

"Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, And stars to set—but all, Thou, hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Presently came Ashley, the Earl's servant, to say that his lordship was in the garden parlour. Would Lady Anne and Miss Durham go to

Lord Beaumanoir expected them, and was even

now waiting for them.

This so-called garden-parlour at the Castle was a pleasant little down stairs room, with a long window opening upon the terrace walk, and commanding a fine view of the dusky woods that flanked the hilly park—a room to which Lord Heaumanoir had taken a fancy lately; because the sen, if ahining with any warmth, was gener-ally upon it, and he liked to feel its genial rays. And there sat the Earl now in his long low

And there sat the Earl now in his long thraild-chair, wrapped in his fur-lined dressing-gown; the gaze of his sunk and faded eyes fixed on the cheery, sap-hissing pine logs; whilst the pale January sunshine, full on the long window, slanted athwart the floor close to him—in truth a melaucholy figure !

They entered together, Lady Anne and Mar-gery, and the young girl trembled a little—she could not help in—when she found herself actually in the presence of the Earl.

But he greeted her very kindly, she remem-bered afterwards, though at the time she barely realized what he said—ave that he begged her to kiss him as a daughter should; a request with which Margery willingly complied.

So all apprehension and nervous anxiety were early dispelled for Margery.

Then recollecting the packet sealed with red wax which her father had dropped into her lap that merning at the breakfast table at home, Margery Durham drew it forthwith from her and presented it timidly to the Earl her dear father's message concerning the decument in question.

Lord Beaumanoir took it eagerly in his thin

Lord Beaumanoir took it eagerly in his thin blue-veined hands, his pale face flushing, his dim eyes glowing bright, as he broke the acarlet seal. Lady Anne and Margery stood there by his chair; watching him intently; both of them feeling something more than a little curious over this mysterious portion of Margery Durham's

And even as they watched the aick Earl a cry

escaped his lips.

The stiff sheets of blue paper, in the next moment, had dropped and fluttered from his

His gray head fell back upon the cushions of the chair; his eyes closed slowly

But Lord Beaumanoir had only fainted-fainted

from encess of joy.

Promptly and tenderly Lady Anne gave him his usual restoratives, showing no trace of alarm, losing not for an instant her quiet self posses-sion; though her sweet brave face had gone tran-siently pale, and an awful fear as suddenly had

rushed into her startled eyes.
But by-and-by his lordship rallied, and the

while was overpast.
be real--true!" he said, smiling feebly, Can it be real-true ! looking first at Lady Aune, then at wondering Margery, and back again to his sieter. "I am not dreaming, am I, my poor, tender, scared old Anne! John Durham's daughter Margery brought me those papers this morning from her father, did she not? Ah-yes-yes, I recollect now of course f

"Anne, God is indeed merciful to me. He will not call me away, it seems, until every earthly longing has been satisfied, and nothing is left for me to sigh for in the world I am going from.

"Surely my sufferings have expiated my sins or mercy so abundant would never be vouchasfed unto me at the last ?"

And then Margery Durham learned what a loving indulgent father had done for his child.

vas nothing less than this :

Fieldfare Farm, Barton Rise, and Little Sling ford Court, with every rood of land appertaining to all three estates, had been purchased back recently by Dr. Durham from their respective owners—wealthy, enterprising Slingford trades-men—in order that the three together, with additional moneys sufficient to clear off almost twice over the heavy mortgages upon the acres which yet remained to Foxdale Castle, might form about the half alone of that rich portion which Margery Durham was to bring with her to Viscount Edenbridge on their wedding-day— the day which would make them man and wife!

Verily the Poxiale gossips and busybodies were not far wrong when they said Dr. Durham was a man considerably richer than the world

round about him commonly thought.

But could it be possible, Margery herself fell to wondering, that there was actually no mistake or misconception in this wonderful business touching Fieldfare Farm, Barton Rise, and Little Slingford Court?

No; there it all was, set down plainly e -or rather as plain as lengthy, roundabout, legal phrases could make it-in the duly signed, sealed, and attested deed of gift, drawn up in Lawyer Johnson's own gaunt, legible hand-

Lawyer Johnson so writing to the property of t

Never a day passed new for Lord Edenbridge and Margery without their seeing something of each other.

If he could not come to her at her father's

house in Foxdale—where, since the announce-ment of her engagement, Margery had suddenly become famous—the carriage used to fetch her to Fordirle Castle

Margery know, of course, that she was very meleone there—that the sick Earl and Lady Anne, as well as her lover himself, were always glad to have her with them throughout the livelong day.

glad to have her with tong day.

And notwithstanding the shadow which was haunting the old house, they were happy, tranquil days for Margery Durham; happy also, in a way, she believed, for the poor dying Earl himself, who liked to have the girl by his side, whenever he was well enough, to make much of Margery as Edenbridge's promised wife.

CHAPTER XXVII.

INDEED Lord Beaumanoir would never weary of talking to Margery-" his dear young friend and Edenbridge's little sweetheart," as he loved to call her—about the compactness and fertility of Fieldfare Farm, the fatness of the pastureof Fieldiare Farm, the fatness of the pasture-grounds belonging to Little Slingford Court, the unspeakable joy which filled his heart to think that those long-lost possessions would come back, together with beautiful Barton Ries, once more into the possession of the head of the house of Guest and Beaumanoir.

Hitherto this subject of the lapsed lands had

Hitherto this subject of the lapsed lands had been full of a terrible bisterness for the Earl of Beaumanoir. He would never suffer it, formerly, to be mentioned in his hearing; but all that was changed now, and, indeed, it was obvious to everyone at the Castle that Margery was fast becoming a prime and privileged favourite with the sick Earl.

Yet—even now—there was one wish, still one wish, which at present remained ungratified.

Lord Beaumanoir desired to see Margery the bride of Edenbridge before he—his father—died.

Frequently of an afternoon her lover would arrange to take Margery for a drive far away into the country, and would then point out to her as they sped along the excellent improvements and the wonderful alterations which had been effected within the past few months upon the wide dements of the Beaumanoir extate.

Sometimes, with his own strong, tender hands, Lyulph would wrap Margery's minever cloak around her, and bid her accompany him for an hour's brisk walk in the woods and rides beyond the park, now all so sad-looking and leafies at this dull season of the year.

One attenuous Margery often recalled it

One afternoon—Margery often recalled it afterwards—the brightest and most spring like they had had for a long while past, when Lyulph and she were walking together in the moist brown

weeds, the sharp stroke of a distant woodman's are falling distinctly upon the quiet air, the gray and emerald tinted sky above their heads, and waves of copper-coloured beechleaves rustling craphy about their feet—one afternoon Lyulp asked Margery, point-blank, taking her unawares, whether she had ever loved any one man in the past before she had given away her heart to

She raised then her sweet clear eyes to his own

She raised then her sweet clear eyes to his own fearlessly.

She had nothing to conceal, and she answered him truthfully from her heart.

"Oh, never, believe me, Lyulph! Men, I think, are prone to many fancies; it is in their nature—Sir Eglamours are scarce in real life—but with women it should be otherwise.

"At least, my notion, my ideal of a true woman is one that can love but once; and that love should be the solitary, the all-sufficing, the guiding master-passion of her life; and it should be moreover, as ateadfast and as pure when she guning master-passion of her life; and it should be, moreover, as ateadfast and as pure when she is thinking of her shroud as when she took her marriage-vow, decked in her bridal gown. "Lyulph," said Margery, with sweet solemuity, "love to me is a very real, a very holy thing— mine for you is as my life itself. Dear, are you estisfied!"

Whereupon he clasped her close on his heart; and there, in the light of the eyes that she loved, she read that her answer had more than satisfied

Lord Edenbridge had business to transact in Slingford that self-same afternoon; an appoint-ment of some kind or other at Lawyer Johnson's ment of some kind or other at Lawyer Johuson's office in the town; so they returned from their stroll early, as Lyulph must start soon after half-past three.

Margery, too, as it happened, was returning to her home in Foxdale a little earlier than common

that day.

Therefore, when Lord Edenbridge was gone, Indy Anne—after a cup of tea—volunteered to walk part of the homeward way with Margery, eince the days were beginning to lengthen visibly,

and Margery would not have the carriage, pro-ferring the walk.

The Earl was doning in the garden-parlour; and a stroll with Dr. Durham's daughter in the misty sunset light would be the pleasantest thing in the world, Lady Anne declared in her gentle

levable way.

Great banks of damson and flamingo cloud were massed in the west behind the woods.

The setting sun was dazzling even in its hasy wintry splendour which lasted for such a little

while.

How, presently, they came to speak of the Kildares—Margery and Lady Anne—the girl never quite knew; but she remembered afterwards that the Grange House somehow drifted into their conversation; and Lady Anne, then, went on to admit how desperately alarmed she had fele at one time on Lyulph's account, lest Yolande should succeed in reasserting over him her old dominion, and get him back into the old thrall, in spite of all that he had sworn in the past and all that he had done since in resisting her fatal influence.

base and all that he had done sales in resisting ber fatal influence.

"Then he has told you, of course," said Mar-gery slowly, "about himself and Volande—the story, I mean, of that friendship made abroad with the Kildares!"

"Yes, my dear." Lady Anne answered, "he has told us, naturally—told us everything. Can you wonder then that I dislike and fear the girl, knowing what she is capable? I firmly believe, Margery, that she and her beauty have wrought more mischief than—"
"Hush!" whiterered Margary audients favore

"Hush!" whispered Wargery suddenly, laying her hand upon Lady Anne's arm. They had arrived at the cosy lodge at the

They had arrived at the cosy lodge at the bottom of the steep avenue,
And just as Lady Anne Guest was speaking of Yolande Kildare, Yolande herself, with a couple of great dogs, approached the iron shield-crowned gates on the Slingford road.
Yolande, catching sight of them on the other side of the gates, halted. Lady Anne Guest did he arres

the same.

"I will not come any farther, I think, Marsery," she said; "I hear the clocks striking five.

I had no idea it was so late. If my brother Raoul wakes in my absence, he will be wondering where I am. Good-bye, my own dear child"—this in a quick, affectionate whisper to Mar-

Then, having exchanged a few commonplaces with Yolande, with the great iron gates between them. Lady Anne turned back up the darkening

Margery joined Yolande Kildare in the road.

Margery joined Yolande Kildare in the road. The Grange House dogs, recognising the dector's daughter, began bounding roughly shout her.

"Down, Brutus! Be quiet, Casar!" cried Yolande, irritably; and she lashed the poor affectionate beasts with a small silver-mounted whip which she carried that afternoon; thus subduing them and making them cringe to her in an instant. "Are yeu, then, returning home to Foxdale alone, Margery?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Margery aimply.

And somehow her tongue seemed fettered at its root now, and other words to stick in her throat.

Never in her life before had she felt so awkard, so embarrassed, in the presence of Yolande Kildar

"By the way," Yolande went on, in an odd, constrained sort of voice, glancing at Margery swiftly with a peculiar brilliancy in those greenish-bazed eyes of hers—"by the way, this is the first occasion that I have had the pleasure of seeing you at all since your engagement to Viscount Edenbridge was made public.

So I have not yet congratulated you on the event. However, the present is an excellent opportunity for so doing, and I congratulate you,

Margery D

Margery Durham."

Nevertheless, there was no particle of warmth or of sincerity in her tones; they could not well have been colder or harder, with something, too, like a ring of mockery in them.

But Margery remembered, of course, that it was not likely that Yolande's wishes for her

was not likely that Yolande's wishes for her future bappiness would in the nature of things be very cordially appressed.

"No—yes—thank you. You are very kind," murmured the doctor's daughter, unessily. "I thought—I half expected—that you would have called on us at home before this, you see, Yolande," added Margery vaguely, hardly knowing what she said

called on us at home before this, you see, Yolande," added Margery vaguely, hardly knowing what she said.

"The news, please understand, did not in the least surprise me," Yolande continued in the same constrained way, ignoring Margery's remark completely, "My eyes were opened at that hateful ball."

Never a word now answered Margery Durham; and the two walked on in silence together. Then Margery glanced furtively at the profile

A craftle wonderfully fine and chiselled in the gray, waring light, looking curiously white and stern and set in the face of a woman; and Margery noticed that a stray lock of her lovely amber hair lay soft and feathery among the fur upon her

It was growing dark-cold.

They met not a creature on the road.

When they reached the narrow lane which was known as a near cut to the meadows—there were two or three more like it in the neighbourood of the Slingford road-Margery Durham stopped short

For the Grange House lay a couple of miles or so quite in another direction.

so quite in another direction.

"Well, good-bye, Yolande," said Dr. Durham's daughter, proffering her hand rather timidly.

"You really should hasten on now, I think, or it will be night before you reach home. Mrs. Kildare will be growing anxious about you."

"I am not afraid—Bratus and Casar will protect, me." answard Yolanda indifferential.

tect me, answered Yolande, indifferently. Basides, I intend to accompany you as far as the first stile. It will not be wholly dark for another half-hour yet."

So together they turned down the moist narrow lane, the great shaggy dogs, still cowed by Yolande's whip, following closely and meekly by their skirfs.

Arrived at this first stile afore-mentioned by of my own great love!"

Yolande, she leaned wearily against the rough
Wooden barrier, and then all at once threw off in her veins; her pride was hurt and aroused;

the mask that she had worn before the world for so long—discarded too, as she could do at will, the customary nonchalance of her usual mies. They would be safe from all interruption, she

was well aware, there in that lonely twilight spot.

"And so," she cried bitterly, a sharp sob catching her breath, "and so, Margery Durham, you have won—and I have lost! You have triumphed where I have failed!

"Do you know," she continued, rapidly, "when they first told me that you were to be Lord Edsabridge's wife—when I comprehended, realized, that all chance and hope for me were gone—that our paths, mine and his, must hence forward and for ever lie widely apart—I suffored

the tortures of—
"Bah," she broke off, "Heaven alone knows
what I suffered in that hour of horrible desolawhat is unered in that nour of horrible desois-tion, trying to grasp mentally the fact of your gain and the completeness of my own defeat i" "Yolande!" began Margery, in pained astonishment; then hesitated, dumb.

For what indeed could Margery Durham say? Nothing, absolutely nothing, that could do any

And perhaps, after all she had been expecting something of this outburst—this attack from Yolande—and was sourcely so taken aback by it

as she might otherwise have been.
"Several times of late," Yolande Kildare went on, speaking now almost fiercely, "I have endeavoured to meet you on your way home from the Castle, in order," with a snear that ill became those delicate, chiselled lips, "in order to

wish you joy in the fiture.

"But, somehow, u atil this evening I have had the misfortune to miss you always, or you have returned in the cardiage, either alone or with him: so that hitherto, you see, I have been balked in my friendly intentions.

"Yet if I knew how to accomplish my desire—if I dared," she cried wildly, in a kind of sudden frenzy, her greenish-hazel eyes gleaming in the chill dusk like the eyes of a madwoman—
"I would annihilate you this very night, on this
very epot, and, for the matter of that, myself as
well; so sick am I of living, and so bitterly do I hate you !"

She threw up her arms with a despairing, passiouste gesture, and pressed her hands hard on her forehead.

The cruel dog-whip fell to the ground. The huge dogs themselves, with their faithful syes, were looking on distressed.

Her vehemence terrified Margery-terrified her exceedingly.

She began to wish nervously that someone would pass along the lane, and in some effectual way or other put an end to this most uncom-fortable situation between herself and Yolande Kildare.

Then Margery found the courage to speak.
"Yolande," she said, reproachfully, and shrinking a little from her, "do not, I beg and implore you, give way in this manner. Let me

"If he had never come here to Foxdale," continued Yolande, unheeding, "is would not have been so bad—so hard!

"We parted once; I believed that it was or ever! Meeting him again, almost immediately afterwards, when I was fighting with remem-brance, striving heart and soul to forget, only to awaken my unhappy passion into

"And I aware to mysel that, notwith-standing, the—the cause of our separation at Heidelberg, I would win him for my own again, ay, and, the second time, keep him,

too.

"Ah, never would I fail a second time!
My oath would not have remained an idle one, the barren thing it has proved, had it not been for you, Margery Durham—you," with measure-less disdain, "whose love is but love's mita-tion—passion's pale counterfeit—a milk-and-water affection—a child's first puny liking—in comparison with the depth and the strength

her transient fear of Yolande had suddenly died out.

What !-- she, so false, so cruel, so fickle, with her faithless, truthless lips and her subtle, secret deeds, dared—actually dared to slander, to question the stability and constancy of Margery's own true heart !

It was a slight, an indignity, an insult that Margery Durham would never submit to tamely—it ahould never be !-- she told herself indignantly, forgetting temporarily how un-acemly was this dissension, this unmaidenly wrangling—certainly unmaidenly in the circumstances, everything considered as regarded their relative positions—between Yolande Kildare and herself.

"Be silent, Yolande, if you please! How dare you say such things to me!" Margery exclaimed hotly. "Let me remind you that you are talking of matters concerning which you can know nothing—of what must be wholly beyond any such comprehension as yours !

"Truly it becomes you to doubt the capacity of another woman's heart; you who are so admirable an example of truth and fidelity in yourself; you, Yolande-of all women in world !- who have the curses of two dead, brokenhearted men to trouble your dreams and your conscience! Have you so quickly, then, for-gotten Sir George Stoke, and all that you made him hope and suffer; to say nothing of that hapless young German student, Karl von ——"

Margery stopped in mercy. For Yolande was shivering from head to foot; her hands had dropped heavily from her brows, and she locked them tightly together as they hung before her.

er eyes, wild and haggard in the fast falling duck, were gazing apparently right past Margery and far into the shadows beyond.

What phantoms of the past could she see therein !

And then she laughed-a hard, desolate laugh; and one of the great dogs at her side set up a pitiful whining noise, pawing in dumb sympathy at the same time at his mistress's gown.

The poor brute appeared to know that some thing was amiss, though it could not fathom the nature of the grief it saw.

The stars were coming out; the night wind was rising and stirring mournfully in the

Surely, the great hound seemed to say in its whimperings, it was time they were going home to the Grange House !

> (To be continued.)

HELEN'S DILEMMA.

-:0:-

CHAPTER XXIII.

A vew evenings after this rencontre, as Helen was sitting working by her handful of fire (making a dress for her landlady in lieu of one week's rent), the door of her room was burst open, and Mrs. Glass appeared on the threshold, evidently in a state of the greatest mental excite-

ment and consternation.

Closing the door behind her, and speaking with almost tragic significance, she nodded impressively at Helen, and, sinking into a seat,

"The fat is in the fire this time, and no mistake! Glass saw him in Regent-street."
"Colonel Bland, do you mean!" said Helen,

Who else !" returned her companion, phatically. "And Glass is moral sure he had his eye on him, and maybe has followed him home, for of course he knows that once he makes us out he'll be able to lay his finger on you-you and Teddy."

"He has no power over me," said Helen, resolutely, "and I shall never give up Teddy." "Easier said than done! Lord bless you,

you don't know him-he's capable of any mortal thing, from putting you in an asylum to cutting your throat

"Then what's to be done, Mrs. Glass ? Have

you any suggestion to make?"
"Well, for one thing, I think you had best keep Teddy for the next few days, and when he comes ferreting round I'll swear black and blue he's not in my keeping. I spect if he took the law he'd be bound to have the keeping of the child himself. Only maybe they might find out that he was not all there. He certainly is as mad as anyone in Hanwell when he has these fits on.

"what an eye he has in his head to be sure."

After a little more discussion it was finally settled that Teddy was to be made over to Helen

altogether for some time.

For the first few days she had charge of him she remained a prisoner in the house; but hearing nothing alarming from Mrs. Glass, she gradually ventured forth, and every sunny morning or afternoon took the child for a run in the Park, or to swim his little penny boat on the round pond.

One fine early spring afternoon, as Helen was clowly turning homewards, reluctant to exchange the nice bright cunny park, the budding bushes, the crowds of gay and happy-looking well dressed people, for her dismal, little, back room, with its blank look-out, its familiar three horsehair chairs and sofa, rickety round table, and sparsely fur-nished suppoard—truth to tell, that suppoard now merely contained half a loaf of stale bread and a few ounces of tea.

Helen was reduced to living on the sparse proceeds of her pawned dressing beg. Very shabby and pinched she looked, and yet you could see that she had made great and painstaking efforts to mend and turn and patch the scanty remains of her wardrobs.

A firm, quick footstep came up close be-bind her, and a familiar voice startled her, saying,-

"I beg your pardon, but your little boy seems to have dropped his boat."

She raised her eyes, and there was Rupert standing before her with Teddy's toy in his

hand.

He looked unfeignedly amazed when she turned round, and he discovered that in the shabby-looking young woman he had been following he was once more face to face with the perfidious Mrs. Bland-Mrs. Bland walking hand-in-hand with her boy-Mrs. Bland unmasked.

And yet, vilely and inexcusably as she had deceived him, somehow he could not hate her as much as he felt was her due.

There was something even yet in her fair but now haggard face that allured him to pity her, in spite of his common sense.

The bright and brilliant beauty, which for a short time had won her so much admiration and envy, hatred and malice, seemed almost to have deserted her.

Her cheeks were drawn and pale, her eyes were sunk in deep hollows, her clothes seemed to sit loosely on her wasted figure.

She was almost unrecognizable as the once vely Helen Brown who came to Cargew and carried off his heart!

He surveyed her with a look of the purest pity in his steady dark eyes, and said,-

"It is you—! So we meet again!"
"Yes," returned Helen, taking the little boat " Yes, from his hand almost mechanically; "we meet

again."
"I am sorry to see you looking so ill," he ob served, scrutinizing her face with critical gravity.
"Will you not let me help you in some way?
Heaven knows," he added, bitterly, "you deserve nothing at my hands for the terrible trouble you meted out to me, but still it goes to my heart to see you like this."

"Keep your reproaches, your alms, and your compassion!" returned Helen, quickly. "Put them away with your broken promises!" Broken Broken promises!" Broken Brokn

ses !" he cried angrily. "This Broken prom

indeed comes well from you."

'Yes," she pursued, "you promised to trust me, come weal or woe-trust me as one of the angels themselves!"

And I am to keep that trust when I find you are a married woman, when I actually meet you walking with your child in the park ! You must to expect that any man would be fool I

"I know," she answered, sorrowfully and brokenly. "I would hide my story from you when I might have got permission to tell you. At present I am helpless, moneyless, and almost friendless! At present your faith would raise me from the dust and give me back, as it were, life itself! You will not give it to me. Oh, that you would!"

She clasped her hands and looked at him gravely and steadily, but with sudden crimson spots flaming on each pale cheek.

"This shall be a beek.

flaming on each pale check.

"This shall be my last appeal."

"You sak me to believe in spite of the evidence of my own senses that you are Helen Brown, an unmarried girl, and that all these facts are just so many inventions of the evil one !" and laughed grimly.

"I ask you to believe even more than that. Have you not heard?" raising her heavy eyes to his. "Have you heard nothing from Kinga-

court 1 " Nothing concerning you," he answered,

slowly.

"Ah! Then I must tell you myself. I must tax your faith still farther. I am not only Helen Brown—I am Mrs. Despard's niece, the rich Tarmanian heiress."

"A Wassens!" he ejaculated, now firmly

Taemanian heiress.

'' Great Heavens!'' he ejaculated, now firmly believing that he had to deal with a lunatic, and surveying her with wide-eyed amazement.

"No, no, she did not; she changed places with another passenger, Mrs. Bland. Mrs. Bland is dead, but Helen Brown is here!" placing her hand on her breast.

hand on her breast.

"And taking charge of Mrs. Bland's child!"
he exclaimed, with a glance of ironical significance.
"I undersrand you," she said, slowly. "You think that I am telling lies, or that I am mad, and appearances bear you out; but, black as they look, I am sure—quite sure—that the light will come soon. It has been long in coming but it will come—be sure of that! Also be sure that you and I have spoken together for the last. that you and I have spoken together for the last time. Now go!" waving her hand, turning abruptly away, and walking off rapidly in the direction of her meagre, uninviting home. Once she had resched the shelter of her own

four walls she cast off her hat, and, burying her face in her hands, burst into such a torrent of weeping that little Teddy was dismayed, and wept and howled for sympathy.

Relem had speedily to dry her eyes in consequence. She could not even afford the lawury

sequence. She could not even afford the factory of tears, it seemed; but when Teddy had had he supper, and been warmly tucked up in her bed, ahe came and sat alone before the dying fire—not weeping, not giving vent to any outward signs of grief, not that an old and vital wound had been opened afresh that day, but only dead, and cold, and still !

CHAPTER XXIV.

Comme into her little sitting room one dusty. afternoon, tired and heart-sick, a few days later, with Teddy clinging to her hand, Helen found to

her great amazement that she had a visitor. Confronting her, occupying her only arm-chair, with his elbows resting on the table, was a man -a gentleman in a loose grey cuit—a gentleman with a bald head, and a lowering expression of countenance.

In an instant she had recognized him as the original of the photograph she had seen in Mrs. Bland's album-

land's aibum—he was Colonel Bland.
"Well, madam," he said, in a harsh grating
ice. "So I have unearthed you at last I And a pretty lot of trouble you have given me-a denced sight more than you are worth; but I was determined to find you, if you were above ground !"

A dead silence ensued for at least two minutes.

"And that's the brat, I suppose?" indicating
Teddy with his forefinger. "Now I should just
like to know what you have got to say for yourself

Helen was standing with her back to the light,

her face in deep shadow. It was evident that Colonel Bland was under the impression that he was speaking to his wife, and she would undeceive

was speaking to his wife, and she would undeceive him without loss of time.

"I presume I am speaking to Colonel Bland?" she said, at last, in a low, but distinct voice.

"Good Heavens! this is a rare joke!" he ejaculated, with a loud laugh. "I presume you are, madam, and I presume that you are speaking to your husband into the bargain, and I presume that the sooner you pack up your traps and come along with him the better, or I presume that it will be worse for you," continued Colonel Bland, evidently greatly delighted with his own wit. "I've a cab at the corner of this den of thieves, so look sharp!" so look sharp f'

"You are labouring under a mistake. I am not your wife," said Helen, with a trembling voice. "If you will wait an instant you shall see that you are speaking to a stranger," going over to the little chiffornier.

She arranged and lit with shaking hands the little reading lamp, and placed it between them

"Now am I your wife !" she demanded, stand-

"Now am I your wife?" she demanded, standing before him, and removing her hat.

"Bless me!" he returned, half rising in his chair, "the trip to Europe has done you some good—it has improved your appearance. Upon my word! you are better looking than I thought—not half so fiddle-headed as you were."

"Helen gused at him in stupsfied astonishment. She looked into his face—horrified fascination.

It was certainly not the face of a sane person. His eyes, with their restless orbs, were continually rolling about. There was an odd, strange twitching of his mouth. His expression fluctuated between flery passion and vacant imbecility.

"You know you have never seen me before," she said, in a southing kind of voice. "You have made a mistake—your wife is dead." "As if you were likely to come over me in that way!" he returned, with a look of indescribable

cunning. "No, no; I'm not quite such a fool i I have the whole thing at my fingers' ends. I followed you up from the day you left Madras. Miss Brown! A nice thing for a married woman has brown a face of as a single girl? Oh, yes, I heard all about you; I've been down in Kent. I've seen Mrs. Despard. She gave me your address. And now I've got you fast. Pooh! talking is dry work. Got any brandy? No; not a drop of anything to drink, of course.

No; not a drop of anything to drink, of course. Well, come here now, and give me a kiss. Where's your affection? Come along, and look sharp, or you know what you'll get!"

"Stop," said Helen, imperatively. "Listen to me—you have said enough. This idea of yours is madness, a delusion," and forthwith she poured forth her story with vehement rapidity, stopping every now and then to take her breath, and steadying herself with both hands grasping the edge of the table.

"Cantital—cantital" he cried, when she had

"Capital—capital," he cried, when she had concluded. "Excellent, encore!" hammering the table with his knuckles. "By Jove, Rachel, the table with his knuckles. "By Jove, Rachel, you would have made your fortune on the stage, I declare you would. You want to prove—a what do you call is !—an alibi. Eh! but you can't. Why are you here with my child—and that's the brat; I know him by the mark under his eye—if you are not my wife! Now, come—ha, ha, ha"—with a mad laugh—"you must see for yourself that it won't wash. Come on—come out of this hole of a place. Pat on your hat and come along. I'm staying as the Oriental."

"Go with you?" cried Helen divided hat—an

"Go with you?" cried Helen, divided between fear and fury. "Go with you!—never. I am nothing to you. Your wife, who was my friend,

Then he interrupted her with an oath of frightful import, and made as though he would strike her across the table.

"You may strike me—you may kill me—but you will never take me from this place. Sooner than go with you I would rather throw myself off London bridge !"

"The old story—the old story," he sneered.
"Why, you was always talking of killing yourself, but you never had the pluck to do it. Come,

let's have no more nonsense! What's that child rearing for? I'll make him rear! I'll give him something to dry for "-advancing suddenly on the terrified Teddy.

In doing so, he gave the rickety table a violent bang, which resulted in its complete collapse; the

lamp was upset, the kerosene oil spreading in liquid flames all over the rotten old carpet, which was immediately in a blaze, and burnt like

Helen anatched up Teddy, and flew downstairs followed by her tormentor, shouting for assiswith oaths and imprecations which were awful to hear.

Helen rushed bareheaded out into the street, down a little dark alley, up another, and then into a coachhouse, where she found a cabman in the act of dragging forth his night cab—a burly, red-faced individual, with a pape in his

"May I come in ?" she asked, gasping for breath. "May I stay here a little while ?" Cabby took his pipe out of his mouth and sur-veyed her dispassionately for some seconds.

The police are not after you, are they?

Eh t

Eh!"

"Oh—no—no," she panted.

"Who then!" he asked, magisterially.

"A madman—a lunatic."

"Then, in Heaven's name, you may stay," he returned emphatically.

And stay she did. She and Teddy crouched And stay she did. She shall restly the down on a heap of straw, beheld cabby make his arrangements for his night jobs, clean up his lamps, dust out his cushions and mats, finally lead forth a very venerable and reluctant steed from an adjoining stable, put it between the shafts, and drive away.

shafts, and drive away.

Helen eat shivering with Teddy asleep in her lap, till the neighbouring clocks, one after the other, struck the hour of nine, and then she arose very stiff and tired, and with great trepidation made her way stealthily back to 2,

The door was opened for her by the landlady, in a state of flaming indignation. Holding a candle above her head, she shrilly called out.—

"So you have some back; pretty doings! Nice goings on! That cursing, raging madman—that visitor of yours—your husband, nearly made a bonfire of this blessed house."

"Is he gone!" said Helen, in a tremulous

whisper.

"Yes, he's gone, and don't let me catch him
here again, that's all. He threw me a five-pound
note, but what's that! What's a five-pound
note against a new carpet, a table, and a lamp!"
Helen could not help thinking to herself that,

considering what they were, it was a good deal.

"And he said he was coming again to-morrow; and when you were not to be found he foamed

and he stamped and he cursed just desperate. And the work we had with the fire! The smell of the room would have knocked you down, only I bethought me of the blankets off your b whole house would have been in a blaze. You can't go up," detaining Helen, "you may just stay below, and I'll give you your tea. You look periabed."

"I'll put Teddy to bed first, and then I'll come

down. But I must just run round to Mrs. Glass before anything."

Mrs. Glass concurred with Helen in thinking

that on the morrow she must move on-must find a secure hiding place; and this asylum was discovered in the top garret of that good woman's lodgings, and here for several days Helen was a lodgings, and here for several days Helen was a prisoner, not daring to go out, spending her time in mending the little Glasses very rough wardrobes, in pacing her narrow, bare garret in paroxysms of frensy, wringing her hands, and vainly inveighing against her hard lot—a beggar, a prisoner, and all but alone in the world. At times her heart felt hot within her when she thought of the Towers. What right had Mr. Towers to withhold his testimony? How dare he keep her for a whole year in abject want? She might live for fifty years in unutterable happiness, and yet she would nover, never forget this one. It would be scorched into her brain for ever.

She had no money, no friends, no clothes,

barely food to keep body and soul together; her lover had cast her off, her friends had dis-owned her—but wait. Should she ever regain her name, her identity, and her fortune once more it would go hard with them. At the very thought of Messrs. Sharp and Short

her pale cheeks burnt with anger.
Twice had she gone to them and tearfully urged her tale; but if they had been deaf to her when she looked well clothed and well fed what were they not now, when she came to them as all

No, no, there were too many impostors now a-days. Sharp and Short were old hands, and not to be taken in," and so she had been dismissed with jeers and laughter-laughter in which even the inky boy had joined-and been cast out.

Things were now at the worst, and they did begin to mend, and to mend as rapidly as they had once fallen to pieces.

The first piece of news came from Mrs. Glass, who burst into the garret one afternoon a very important face and a newspaper in

"See here!" she cried. "Here's news. He will trouble you no more," pointing to a paragraph with a very black finger, "Read it for

yourseld."
"Yesterday Mr. Arthur held an inquest on the body of a Colonel R. Bland, an officer, late of Her Majesty's Indian Army, who in a moment of mental aberration jumped out of a window on the third floor of the Oriental Hotel, and was taken up quite dead. It appeared, from evidence adduced, that the deceased had been greatly addicted to the use of stimulants, and also that his mind had been seriously affected by the result of a sunstroke received in India some years are: of a sunstroke received in India some years The Jury returned a verdict in accordance with

The Jury returned a vender in accordance with the evidence—committed suicide when in an un-sound state of mind."

Helen read the paragraph over twice, and then laid down the paper without a word. She felt as if she were choking—she could not

"So now you are free, you see!" cried Mrs. Glass. Glass. "There is no need to be shut up any longer. Just put your hat on and take a mouthful of fresh air. Goodness knows you look as if you wanted it badly? Glass has gone to the hotel to speak about Teddy, and see the family lawyer, and all that. I'm' thinking he'll be no more expense or trouble to you now," and Mrs. Glass's prediction proved to be correct.

In a day or two Teddy was removed from Helen's are and placed it the share of a lady living in

care and placed in the charge of a lady living in the neighbourhood of London, who, according to advertisement, was—"A lady, the wife of a retired physician, who wishes for the entire care of one little boy to bring up with her own. Liberal terms expected. Highest references Liberal terms expected, given and required."

CHAPTER XXV.

AND soon Helen's troubles were over altogether. A thin blue letter with foreign stamps, bearing the Marseilles post mark, announced to her that Mr. and Mrs. Towers had arrived by the French steamer Colombo, and hoped to be in London almost as soon as the letter itself. "Come to us at once!" they said. "Come to us at once!" they said. It seemed almost a mockery to reiterate the invitation. Was it likely that she would lose an invitation. Was it likely that she would lose an instant in casting off grinding poverty, a load of care, the identity of another person—troubles that had nearly weighed her to the earth? No, she would not lose an instant. This very morning, nay, this very hour, she would go to the hotel and claim her freedom.

Helen hastened downstairs with her letter in

her hand to tell her good news to Mrs. Glass, who was busily washing up her breakfast things in a roomy yellow bow!.

"Dear, deary me! well and I am glad!" she cried, with her wet hands on her hips. "That I am for sure and certain; you have had a am for sure and certain; you have I terrible time of it for a real lady born. see now, but what are you going to wear, going

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among all your grand friends ! Your hat was burnt the other night; you can't go bare-headed. I see nothing for it upon my word, but my bonnet.

This announcement gave Helen a certain shock. The bonnet was a most remarkable etructure, quite a thing by itself ; but Mrs. Glass was right—there was no other alternative; it must be the bonnet or nothing! So Helen sceepted the profered loan, refait of a huge tuft of dirty artificial flowers, and toned it down as much as possible with a black veil.

Then ale mended once more her very ancient, worn gloves; brushed her dress and jacket, and set forth on foot, and about twelve o'clock presented herself at the Langham Hotel.

Such a shabby-such a threadbare visitor was a most unusual sight. Asking, too, for people who occupied one of the best suites of room rich colonials, arrived that very morning! How-ever, there was no help for it. She was very persistent, she spoke like a lady—ten to one some poor relation coming to beg or borrow before they had time to turn round! Little did the waiter dream that he was conducting upstairs the owner of five thousand pounds a

Mr. and Mrs. Towers had just finished break-fast when Helen was ushered in. As she stood for a moment on the threshold they stared at her in wide-eyed amazement. This shabby girl in a battered black bonuet and rusty threadbare dress, pinched features and hollow cheeks—this Helen Brown, the belle of Hobart Town, who had sailed for England just eighteen months ago-it was impossible!

"Mr. Towers, Aunt Emily—don't you know me!" she asked at last in a low, faint voice.

Yes, it was her voice certainly, they could cognise that, and in another second she and reognise that, and in another seconds.

Its. Towers were sobbing in each other's arms. The Bruces, other Tasmanian friends, who had also come home and occupied adjacent rooms, hurriedly sent for, and the exclamations and lamentations and oscultations lasted for quite a quarter of an hour.

At the and of that time Helen found herself, minus the bonnet, reated on the sofa between Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Towers, each of them pos-sessed of one of her hands, to which they from time to time administered sympathetic and re-assuring squeezes, whilst Mr. Towers and Mr. opposite her in attitudes of the closest attention, while, with a faltering voice and some tears, she told the history of her dilemma, and of her terrible experiences from firet to last.

Interrupted from time to time by ejaculations of surprise, disgust, and pity from her four-auditors; when the recital was at an end, Mr. Towers fell to and abused himself with the Towers fell to and abused ninesh with the most hearty goodwill. "He was an idiot, a brute, a pig-headed fool I" and as to Short and Sharp, his wide vocabulary contained no name that would half convey his opinion of them. "But he would settle with them I" very fiercely, "he would !

Then Helen's own people, they came in for some very severe strictures; and, in fact, there was a great deal of tall talking and letting off of steam ; and after Mr. Towers had walked up and down the reous and sworn to himself a good deal actio vecs, he evidently felt better, and, coming over to his wife, said, with great

emphasis.

The first thing to do is to get her something to eat; the second is to get her some clothes; the third is to take her away for good from those lodgings, and pension that old woman; the to go and walk into Short and Sharp this very identical afternoon !

"Very well, my doar Tom, very well; one thing at a time. Now, Helen, you must have some lunch, and then we will drive you to Marshall and Snelgrove's, and got you some-thing ready made, and then we will all go and

How odd it seemed to Helen to be sented once more at a well-appointed table, eating such un-familiar dainties as cold lamb and salada. Yes, her days of tea and bread were past ! She could hardly realise it—it seemed too good to be trueand she felt a lump rising in her throat as she thought of her own dismal look-out even that time yesterday !

Soon Helen was hurried into a cab and driven off to Marshall and Snellgrove's, and fitted into a very elegant brown silk and cashmere costume. The body required a little alteration—just a mere nothing, to be taken in at the waist and on the shoulders—if the lady could wait half an-hour. The lady could wait, and employed the time in being measured for an evening dress, for a walking dress—in choosing a hat, a bonnet, gloves, shoes, underlinen—a mealskin coat. Within an hour and a half from the time Heleu had entered the establishment she walked out of entirely transformed-once more, to all appearances, the rich Helen Brown—dressed in a French costume, a scalakin paletôt, a dear little hat, a muff, and perfectly-fitting boots and

No wonder the cabman did not recognise I nor the waiter at the Langham ! Why Mrs. Glass hardly knew her when she drove up to make her adieu. Needless to say that a very substantial present was made to that worthy woman—a present that greased the wheels of life for her and made them run with very de-lightful smoothness. She had been Helen's only only friend, through the last bleak help, her winter, and many a time she blessed the day she had first seen Miss Helen Brown.

A little trip to Paris-a few weeks at Folke atone—restored Helen to her former balance of mind and body. True, she could never think of certain localities in the neighbourhood of Sohoaquare without an involuntary shudder; but it is equally true that six weeks after her rehabilitation she had settled down very happily with her friends the Towers-her adopted aunt and uncle-in a charmingly furnished house in Mayto enter con amore into all fair, and was prepared

the delights of a London season.

She rode in the park, she drove in the park she went to dances, theatres, balls, the opera; she was presented at Court by a certain Lady Lesborough, a distant connection of Mrs. Towers, and at the Drawing Room she had a curious ren

onere with her aunt, Mrs. Despard.

Mrs. Despard had forbidden her name to be ned in her hearing; and, although Katie and Loo-Loo were well aware that their cousin was enjoying her own again, their mother and elder sister still fondly imagined that she was in all probability, begging her bread from door to

Lady Lesborough (the widow of a needy Earl, and the mother of another) was an acquaintance and social antagonist of Mrs. Despard's.

She had triumphantly married off both her daughters—one to a rottering old Marquis, the other to a wealthy bucolic Baronet, and now it only remained for her to settle dear Tavistock,

This pretty colonial girl, a connection of her own, with a solid seven thousand a year, increasing at an almost fabulous rate, seemed to her to be a very suitable Haughter-in-law; and really "Tavy" was so wild, and to extrava-gant, and so independent that the sooner he was a steady, respectable married man the better.

On the afternoon of the second Drawing Room, in May, Lady Lesborough's high-stepping bays and powdered servants, with enormous bouquets, were to be seen before Mrs. Towers' hall-door in Mayfair, waiting for the debutante, Miss Helen Brown; and about an hour later she and her chapes one were among a dense crowd of other trained and feathered ladies in Buckingham Palace, awaiting her turn to pass into the presence of Her Majesty.

Lady Lesborough was a very tall, erect old

dame, with a high aquiline nose, and piercing black ey... reared her head, and tossed her black ey... reared her head, and tossed her plumes, with a noble scorn, at some of the mere nobodies in her immediate neighbourhood.

In turning about, and stretching her aristo cratic old neck, her eyes suddenly fell upon Mrs. Despard and her daughter Blanche.

That girl not married yet! Up in town was her mental comment, but she merely said, "Ah, Mrs. Despard, how do you do ? These crushes become more fearful every year; and Miss

Despard, how charming you are looking! This is nothing new to you, not like my young friend -indicating the back of Helen's head.

Helen, who was perfectly unconscious of the social volcano in her neighbourhood, was gasing at several of the most noted London beautis were being pointed out to her by one of the officers of the Royal Body Guard.

"Oh, really, Lady Lesborough," returned Mr. Despard, "I was not aware that you had another

Despard, "I was not aware that you had unother daughter!"

16 No, not unmarried," with a smile of edged meaning at Blanche, "My two girs are married long ago, and now I am a chaperone at large. This young friend is the adopted niece of a connection of mine, and "—lowering her volce, significantly," a street helpes." antly-" a great heiress."
"Oh, indeed," returned Mrs. Despard, with an

"Oh, indeed," returned Mrs. Despard, with an ill-assumed smile, casting a curious glance at Lady Lesborough's protegie.

She was tall and slight, and wore a train and bodice of rich ottoman-striped satis, a lace petticost over a satin slip, with fringe of daises and foliage, bouquets of the same arranged on the train, a magnificent neckace of five rows of pearls. Would she never turn her head, which was still persistently held in the opposite direction, only one little pink car and the outline of a fine neck and throat being visible!

Ves. she was turning now—turning her face

Yes, she was turning now—turning her face alowly round in order to behold some splendid new arrival, and Mrs. Despard nearly uttered a little involuntary scream when she found herself face to face with her of devent governess—Miss Helen Brown.

Helen was no less surprised at the rescontra.

The colour suddenly faded from her lips and cheeks, but she looked quite steadily into Mra Despard's incredulous, horrifed countenance, and turning away in the most pointed manner; administered the out direct.

Blanche's lynx eyes had not been blind to this little scene. She could hardly trust them at first. She stared and stared and stared again, with unwinking sudacity. Yes, it was Miss Helen Brown, there was no mistake at all about little scene.

She recognised her by a little made on her right temple—recognised her past all doubt-but how did she come here a magnificent young beauty in Court dress and priceless pearls crushing her entirely into the back-ground by

the blaze of her distinguished appearance !

It looked—it really looked as if there was some colour of truth about her story.

Lady Lesborough was the very last person in

the world to take up with a pennilese adven-turers. Her young protégée's credentials must have been unimpeachable to pass her critical

When mother and daugher were having tea in their dreesing gowns, somewhat later, having speedily taken off their finery, and dismissed their maid, they found that they had to face a very disagreeable situation.

Helen, the real Helen Brown a London beauty—an heiress, their relative, who had been turned out of their doors just eix months agopenniless and friendless 1

"She will have nothing to say to us now, that's plain !" said Mrs. Despard, impressively. "She's out me dead.

"Oh! she may come round!" returned her wary daughter. "She is very fend of Loo-Loo and Katie, and we can work on her through them; and I dareasy when she has cooled down a bit, and when the past has faded out of her mind a little, she may agree to let bygones be bygones !

She did not look in a malting mood to-day, at any rate!" returned Mrs. Despard with a forced laugh. "How stupid of me never to have seen it. Now that I really know who she is it strikes me most forcibly that girl is the image of her father. Very like my family. The same high head at the same high high bred air-

"She is not in the least like you, mamma!" returned her daughter, pulling down the corners

"Not now, perhaps, but as I was !" said Mrs. Despard, persistently. "I was tall and slight,

and with a creamy, fair skin. Just that style.
Yes, I remember at the county ball——!"
And here Mrs. Despard rambled away into
reminiscences of her own all-conquering career—
reminiscences which fell unheard on her com-

minds ear.

Miss Blanche was lesning back in her low chair, her hauds clasped behind her head, her oyes rivetted on the fire.

"Come, Blanche!" said her mother, auddenly observing that her conversation had been a mere unnoticed collicuty. "what on earth are you dreaming about! Your mind seems to be in the skies!"

"I was only turning over the whole queer business in my head, mother," transferring her eyes to her parent, "and thinking what Rupert will say."

will say."

"Raport! sye! and your father, Blanche!"

"How on earth are we to tell him! We mist
leave it to Katie. I dare not do it myself.
Well! it is certainly a most unpleasant business,
and we shall be meeting her everywhere. Ten
to one she will be at the Duchess's to-night.
There is six o'clock striking; run away, and put
on a gown. We cannot spend the whole evening
in our dressing gowns, though if I had my own
way, I really feel so mortified, and so upset,
that I should like to go to bed!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

I PANOY that most people are acquainted with the appearance of Rotten-row in the middle of May—the very height of the London season. The park was looking lovely one fine morning just two years ago—green and fresh and shady, and throughd with hundreds of the fashionable world, some walking, some riding, some governing, some flirting. The walk beside the Ride was gay with pretty cotton and foulard dresses, and white and

ack and scarlet parasols.

The Ride itself was crowded with the very cream of London equestrians. Portly paper and pretty daughters, slim-waisted and erect, in perfeetly-fitting habits; wasted and erect, in per-fectly-fitting habits; girls in parties of three, followed by their grooms; married ladies, married nea, children, were all walking, trotting, or can-tering to and fro, the subject of criticism or admiration with many of the loungers with their

arms on the rails.

Right up the middle of the Ride Sir Rupert
Lynn is walking his horse. He is alone, and wears
a moody, disconcerted expression on his face.

"Man evidently delights him not, nor woman
neither," and yet he is in far better circumstances (as far as money is concerned) than he was last

His uncle, who died at Naples, has left him a round sum in the funds. Mortgages no longer press upon his mind, the horse he beatrides is a three-hundred guines hack (and he was quite justified in the outlay).

He has plenty of money now—health, wealth, good looks, lots of friends—why, then, is he not looking more cheerful? Why does black care alt behind him on his satin-coated steed?

He is wishing for the unattainable; he is dis-contented with his life. There is a large mote obscuring his vision, and were we to give that mote a name we would call it "Helen."

He has travelled far since we have seen him last, but travel where he may he cannot eradicate her from his mind.

Anger, misgiving, love, that will not be quenched or silenced, are constantly struggling within him. Slowly he threads his way through the crowd, exchanging bows and node and "how d'ye do's" with numbers of acquaintances.

He is revolving in his own mind whether the game is worth the candle; whether this idle, lotus-eating life of pleasure is not a sickening monotony, ten times werse to endure than the Mountains. A long shooting trip—a life of intense bard, physical work and continual excitement—might cure him. He would not lend himself to such women's weakness any longer. He would see Torrens and have a talk to him about a long journey. Torrens was always game for starting

off to the other end of the world at about two hours' notice.

Just then his reflections were suddenly inter rupted by a riding party cantering briskly past
—a stout, square, elderly man on a large bay
hunter, a smart young fellow that he knew in the Guards, and between them a pretty girl in a dark blue habit on a beautiful thoroughbred

chestnut.

Something in her laugh, the colour of her hair, and the shape of her side face (of which he had only caught a passing glance) reminded him of Helen—yea, of Helen: But what infatuation—what madness! His brain reast be softening! Was it at all likely, he asked himself, ironically, that Helen would be mounted on a valuable thoroughbred, would be an accomplished horseoman, in the gayest of spirits, riding with a peer woman, in the gayest or spirits, ruling with a peer of the realm on her right hand through Rotten-row fi-Helen, whom he had last seen sunken in beggary, steeped to the very lips in misery, with actually the ghastly word want written in legible characters on her sunkenfeatures? Could Helen and that laughing, golden-haired girl be one? No more probability in the idea than that the Albert Memorial would descend and move bodily down the park! down the park!

Thus arguing with himself, Rupart put his horse into a charp canter, and by some irresisti-ble impulse followed the trio up the Row-followed but could not catch them.

They kept ahead at a good pace. How admirably the girl rode ! how squarely she sat on her

And then they suddenly turned out of the park, and were lost to sight among the streaming mob of carriages.

Two evenings later Sir Rupart found himself at the opera-more by the wish of a friend of his than any desire of his own.

His friend was an old schoolfellow whom he had not met for years—a schoolfellow who had sought and found his fortune at the Antipodes, and just recently taken a run home to see all the old places and the old people, and was enjoying himself with the cast of a schoolboy in his holidays; had all the little bits of new gossip and scandal at his fugers' ends, knew the appearance of most of the celebrities—male and female—and was in every way making the most of his

He kept constantly staring about the house, and drawing his companion's most unwilling attention to this, that, or the other.

A late arrival—several late arrivals, in a large box to their right—of course claimed his marked

interest.

After staring at them for some three minutes he turned round, and tapped Sir Rupert with his

ne turned round, and tapped Sir Rupert with his finger, and said, in an eager whisper,—
"Do you see those people just come in in the box to your right—elderly lady and gentleman, girl, and young fellow? I'll tell you a queer story about the girl. Look at her now—ahe is coming to the front. Awfully pretty, is she not?"

Sir Rupert turned his head with lauguid in-difference in the desired direction, and his care-less gaze fell upon Helen !

Yes, undoubtedly Helen this time. He saized his opera glass; he could hardly hold it, his hand shook so much.

By a great effort he steaded himself, and gazed once more at the third box in the second tier.

Yes, there she was, looking well, and rich, and radiantly happy. Her colour had returned, her face was wreathed in smiles.

She was intoning with evident complacency to something that that young puppy behind her was leaning forward and saying.

She was dressed in a cream-coloured satin evaning dress, cut source, and tripmed with

evening dress, cut square, and trimmed with quantities of lace; two large diamonds sparkled in either ear, another at her throat, a prodigious beuquet lay on the front of the box before her,

as well as a mother-of-pearl opera-glass.

Sir Rupert took in all these luxurious details with a long—long gaze, and then set down his

glass. "Well," said his friend cheerfully.

have had a rare good look at her, and now what do you think of her, eh ?"

An unintelligible muttering lost in his moustache was the only reply his companion was able to vouchsafe him; but that did not seem to

to vouchsafe him; but that did not seem to matter in the least, for he proceeded, eagerly,—
"She's a Miss Brown, a colonist heiress, with pots of money, my dear fellow—thousands a-year. Tavy Lesborough is going in for her, and lots of others; but, from all I can hear, ahe's not easy to please."
"And where did she come from 1" asked his now composed and deeply interested auditor.
"Well, that's the queer part of the business!"

"Oh! then there is something queer about

"Not that, exactly; but she did the oddest, maddest thing any girl, not out of her mind, ever did before."

" You ! "She was coming home to her relations etrangers—in the character of an heiress—rela-tions to receive her with open arme. You know,

"Well—well, go on!" very impatiently.
"Unfortunately, it struck her that she would put their affection to the test, and she changed places on board-ship with their governess that was to be, and the governess died before they landed, and consequently she was left in no end of a hole. No one would believe she was an heiress-neither her solicitors, nor her own people nor any one-so she had to work for her own bread in real earnest. Then she got engaged to bread in real earnest. Then she got engaged to some fellow, I believe, and all was going on swimmingly till this governess's—the dead one's —child turned up, and of course every one maddled it on her. She was turned out of doors. Needless to say her lover washed his hands of her, and she was left to her own resources to support this brat as best she could; and then this other woman's husband appeared on the -came home from India a raving madman,

set fire to her lodgings, and then committed suicide. Sounds like a play, ch!" But Sir Ruport's set teeth had lost the power

of speech. "Then her Tasmanian friends came over, and lifted her back into her proper sphere. I heard it all from old Towers himself, that old buffer there in the back of the box. She was starwing! Wouldn't believe it to look at her now, ch! Ot course he is awfully down on her relations and the solicitors. Wonder what the lover feels like now, eh? Rather sorry for himself, eh? "
The lover's feelings could not be expressed as he sat in rigid allence listening to this tale.

When the curtain was raised for the second

act he rose and left the house. He went down and stood in the street, and

tried to collect his senses.

Passers-by looked with amused amazement at the tip-top swell in evening dress who was stand-ing bareheaded in the moonlight.

"So Helen was right all through—really Helen

Brown, the heiress, and no impostor. Her pitcous appeal came back to him, now, "Won't you believe in me, Rupert ! "

The words seemed branded into his very heart with hot iron. He had scoffed at her confession, laughed at her pretensions, and cast her off. Yes, in spite of his protestations of never dying faith. But who would believe that any girl would have been capable of such an act of Quixotic folly ?

Now she had regained her identity, her friends, and her thousands. Now she had her opera boxes, thoroughbreds, and diamonds; and now, of course

she would never again speak to him?

And yet, now that he knew her to be what he had at first believed—as pure and unsullied as the lilies of the field—be felt that he loved her ten times better than ever.

Not because she was rich and desirable in ever way, as with a sudden flush to his very forehead he told himself all the world would fancy. No nev. No. but simply because she was and would be, the only woman he had ever loved.

only woman he had ever loved.

He slowly made his way back to the opera house after a considerable absence, and people were leaving as he went up the stairs.

At the top of the stairs he was smilingly ac-

costed by a very fashionable lady and her very pretty daughter, who bestowed many gay smiles and nice little speeches on her special admiration grave, handsome, distinguished-looking Sir

Rupert Lynn.
Alas for him! At what an unpropitions moment to meet his late betrothed face to face?

Had he been alone who knows what might have occurred ! But he was not. He was listening to and flirting with a very fast-looking, very décoletée noisy girl. (Helen, he was only listening; he was caught in the toils and could not escape! Nothing than a cry of fire would have freed him !)

As Miss Brown, Mrs. Towers, and several attendant and obsequious cavaliers came down the lobby, for one instant there was a little block at the top of the stairs, and he and Helen stood almost side by side.

Would she bow to him? He almost held his breath. Would she even look at him? Yee, with a cold, indifferent glance, as of that bestowed on an absolute stranger.

This tall young queen of society, in a white fur mantel, passed on downstairs, followed by her train, one carrying her bouquet, another her

fan, a third her opera-glasses.

"That's the new beauty, Miss Brown," simpered his fair jailer. "Very aristocratic-looking for a colonial, is she not? and worth her weight in puggets."

(To be continued.)

A DESPERATE REMEDY.

RHODA DRUCE closed the window shutters very softly. Like a little grey shadow she glided across the room, lest she should disturb Mr. Warden's slumbers, and hurried out into the hall.

Colonel Druce lay on the chintz-draped sofa there, smoking a spicy cigar, with the newspaper to console his solitude.

It was a wide, old-fashioned hall, such as people used to build before land became exceptionally valuable; and there were china vases full of dried rose-leaves, and queer, antique tables, with clawlegs and brass handles, and old steel engravings, with their margins yellowed by time, hung on the

Rhoda looked at her brother with a severely

repreachful glance.
"Bert," she said, "have you no heart? Put aside that cigar at once. Uncle Warden cannot endure cigar amoke."

Like a Congreve rocket out flew the cigar stump into a cluster of double petunias at the back door.

"I am all obedience," said the Colonel. "But I say, Rhoda, how is he this morning?

"Very bad," said Rhoda, instinctively lowering her voice, although there were two solidly-panelled doors between her and the occupant of the sick-room which she had just left.

"Worse, sh ?" "Oh, yea," sighed Rhoda. "Much worse "Humph," observed the Colonel. "J

" He is worse every morning, isn't he ? "I think he is," acknowledged Rhoda.

"And no better toward evening."
"The fever seems to increase as the day draws toward sunset," confessed the faithful little sick purse.

"Is he asieep ?"
"At last," said

"At last," said Rhoda, with a sigh of relief.
"But he didn't drop off until I had read myself

"Is that an especially good sedative?" laughed Colonel Druce.

"Uncle Warden likes me to read to him," said Rhoda. "Hush. What is that ?"

"It sounds like something thumping desper-ately on the floor," said the Colonel, after listen-

ing a moment. "Oh," cries cried Rhoda, "it's Uncle Warden's He's awake. He wants me.

And away she tripped before her brother could check her.

"Humph." soliloguized the Colonel. "I'll go

The sick-room was darkened, so that only one int thread of sunshine hung like a thin gold cable in the atmosphere.

There was an overpowering smell of camphor and valerian in the air, and Uncle Warden was sitting up among his pillows, furiously gesticu-

lating.
"Hasn't that doctor come yet?" he demanded. "Not yet? Does he intend to leave me here to die? Do you all mean to abandon me to my fate? Am I systematically left alone in this house full of people—I, whose life hangs on a thread !

"Oh, come now, Uncle Warden, it isn't as bad as that," said Colonel Druce, with well-meant cheeriulness. "You'll be all right in a day or

Uncle Warden put both of his hands to his ears.

Would you be so kind as to moderate your voice a little, Bertie," said he. "You perhaps fancy that you are addressing your men across a thirty-acre field. You may not be aware of the thirty-acre held. You may not be aware of the delicate state of my norves. As for being all right in a day or two you don't know what you are talking about. I am a doomed man."

"Now, now, Unole Warden, that's all rubbish," cried the inveterately cheerful Colonel. "What

on earth could have put that into your head ?"

"Do you know the height to which my pulse mounts every day?" solemnly demanded Uncle Warden. "Are you aware of my temperature? Do you know the threatening nature of my complaint?" complaint ?

What is your complaint, Uncle Warden !"

"What is your companit, office warden? Colonel Druce inquired carnestly.

"Well, it's a — a sort of general prostration of the nervous system," said Uncle Warden—"a typhoid-malarial development—a lowering of the general tone! My doctor can give you a better idea of it than I can. I wish people wouldn't ask questions. Questions play the very deuce in a sick-room. Rhoda, isn't it time for my drops? You can do as you please after I am dead and buried, but while I'm alive I won't be

neglected."
"Here, uncle," cooed gentle Rhoda, who stood with a silver medicine spoon beside his couch.

"And now you may ait and face me," said cele Warden. "I experience great difficulty in breathing while the thermometer is so high. I feel I may drop away at any moment.

Oh, uncle ! "And I shouldn't like to die entirely alone and unattended," lugubriously uttered the old gentleman. " Nephew Bert, you perhaps may not Would you oblige me by going out of the room?"

"Oh, certainly, uncle," and Bertie Druce,"

beginning to whistle,
"Please don't whistle," said Uncle Warden, in

accents of suppressed irritation.

"No, Uncle, I won't," said Bert. But the room was scientifically darkened, and there was a number of little round tables, and oval tables, and square tables about, loaded with everything which could, by any possibility, be placed on a table, and on his way out Colonel Druce unluckily upset one of these, with an overwhelming crash and clatter.

Uncle Warden sank back among his pillows with a sepulchral groan. Rhoda hastened to gather up the debris, and the Colonel escaped, without loss of time, into the back garden, where he nearly tumbled over a tall, fine-looking man, who was coming up the path-a man who wore green spectacles and carried a small leather case under his arm.

under his arm.
"I beg your pardon, sir," said the Colonel,
"but I haven't the least idea who you are."
"I am the doctor," said the tall stranger.
"Then," said Colonel Druce, planting himself

quarely in the path, "you're the very individual that I want to see."

"At your service, sir," said Doctor Ralston, ot quite certain whether this military-looking

individual was an escaped maniac.
"I am Herbert Druce," said the Colonel—"Mr.
Warden's nephew. I arrived here last night

"Happy to become acquainted with you, I am sure," said Doctor Ralston, still a little doubtful.

"I take it for granted," pursued Colonel Druce, "that you are an honest man."

"I am flattered, sir, by your good opinion."
"Then," said Colonel Druce, "what is the

matter with my uncle ?" Short and sudden came the question, like a ball-out of a cannon's throat. The answer was equally

Nothing !"
Then," cried Bert, "what is he lying in bed for, formenting the life out of my poor little sister Rhoda? Why has he turned the whole house into a hospital?"

octor Ralston shrugged his shoulders "Simply because he imagines himself to be a doomed man," said he. "Your uncle, Colonel Druce, is disposed to be a bypochondriac. No man who lies in bed and feeds on gruel can be wall."

"Couldn't we set the house on fire and drive him out of his 'doom ?'" confidentially demanded the colonel.

Doctor Ralston shook his head at this proposition.

"The theory isn't bad," said he. "But it would perhaps be rather a severe remedy in this

Something must be done," said Colonel Druce, gloomily. "Rhoda is being made a martyr ofand all for a whim !"

He smoked two cigars in succession among the rhododendrons, and when the doctor was gone he returned to his uncle's room.

I'm very corry to hear this, Unele Warden," very !

"Sorry to hear what ?" said the old gentleman.

"Of the dangerous and fatal nature of your case," said Colonel Druce. "We must all die, Uncle Warden, but yours is a terrible fate, thus to stand face to face with your last hour. You needn't look so surprised. Ductor Ralston has confided all to me."

"What the deuce do you mean?" said Uncle Warden, twisting himself unesaily along under the bedelothes.

By way of reply Colonel Druce only grasped

his pulse and took out his watch.

"Just as I thought," said he. "A hundred and fifteen at the very least. My Uncle Warden, your flame of life may go out like a candle at any moment. Are your feet cold? I knew it. Is there a little spasmodic twitching in the pulses around the mouth? Exactly—exactly! I don't know that the symptoms could be worse."

Uncle Warden's eyes grew as big as saucers. His yellow skin assumed a cadaverous hue.

"This is all nonsense!" he gasped, "I—I'm not as lead as that."

"This is all nonsense!" he gasped. "1-1m not as bad as that!"

"Uncle Warden," solemnly uttered the Colonel,
"you are a dying man. I couldn't say as much before Rhoda, for women are weak, and the shock might overpower her. But it is the truth. Settle up your worldly concerns. Make your will. See to it that all is duly arranged, for—"

"I won't!" said Uncle Warden, scrambling out of bed. "There! Can a dying man stand on his feab like that! What are you all talking about!

Me dying i I'll show you i' talking about!
Me dying i I'll show you i''
"Yee, I see," said Colonel Druce. "You're
mad—mad as a March hare! They always are
just before the last with your complaint. Lie
down, Uncle Warden."

"But I don't want to lie down," said his Uncle. "Why can't I sit up?"
"Because you are so weak," said the Colonel.
"I am stronger than I was this morning," urged Mr. Warden. "I really think I'm beginning to improve.

No, you're not," said Druce. "It's only your no, you're not, said Druce. It's only your imagination. You are a doomed man. Take this powder. It's what Doctor Raiston only gives in the very last stages. You can swallow yet, I suppose? That is hopeful. The moment you feel any muscular contraction of the thorax you

But Mr. Warden dashed the powder saids. "I won't take it !" said he. "Do you think I'm going to be dosed like an old woman? I tell you I am stronger! No, it isn't a delusion! Do

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you suppose a man don't know how he feels him-Get me my clothes ; I mean to dress my-

And when Rhoda came in with the bowl of chicken broth which she had been preparing in the kitchen Uncle Warden had put on his slippers, his trousers and his dressing-gown, and was ait-ting up in the big arm-chair, with a pillow at

Uncle 1" she cried, in amazement.

"Yes, my dear, it's me," said the old gentle-man. "I'm a deal better, you see. A little weak, perhaps, but better—most decidedly hetter."

"It's the last upward flicker of the expiring mp!" said Colonel Druce, in funereal accents. "I wont answer for the consequences if Uncle Warden does not take this yellow powder at

With a brisk movement of his left elbow Mr. Warden tipped the powder out of his nephew's hand. It vanished in a little yellow puff of air.

"Hang your powders!" he said. "I've been poisoned with 'em long enough. Bring me a milk punch, Rhoda, my dear, and don't spare the

randy, mind, when you mix it."
This was the beginning of Mr. Warden's imrovement. In a week he was walking in the garden and criticizing the trimming of the rose-trees. In a month he was cantering all round the country on horseback, with pretty Rhoda at his side.

It's a miraculous cure," said Doctor Ralston,

looking solemnly at Bert.

"A perfect miracle!" responded that gentle

man, returning the gase with equal gravity.

Doctor Raiston sent in a round bill. Colonel

Druce presented none. Yet in his secret heart
he always believed that it was he who cured Mr.

"With the aid of the yellow powder," thought "And how was Uncle Warden to know that it was nothing on earth but mustard ?

A STRANGE AGREEMENT.

-:0:--

(Continued from page 489.)

CHAPTER VIII.

AND so husband and wife stood face to face at last, in the midst of a gay, fluttering crowd who had no idea of the heart's history such a meeting

For a moment Cuthbert could not speak, his brain was busy trying to find a link to bind to-gether the broken chain of events.

The lady was the first to recover her self ossession, but her voice trembled a little, never

possession, but her voice trembled a little, never-theless, asshe held out her hand with a smile.

"Mr. Clitheroe and I have met before," she said.

"I owe you some explanation and apology, sir," she added, turning to him with the sweet smile that had so nearly witched his senses away. in Rome. "I was masquerading a little in Italy, trying to escape under another name from many things pleasant and unpleasant. I wanted rest and peace, and I took that way of taking it. I am glad to meet you again."

He muttered something—he scarce knew what,

She, Miss Morrison-Margaret Huntley! woman he had married and promised never to seek! The heiress who had bought her freedom from someone else by the sacrifice of her liberty! Was he awake or dreaming! Had she known him when she was so gracious to him in Rome ? What was to happen next? It was his own wife he was so desperately in love with! And if eyes and manner could speak, she loved him too! Where would it end!

In a parting for the present—for before he had had time to recover his wits or return the greeting that Mrs. Adair bestowed on him, the grace ful head had bent in a parting salutation, and Miss Merrison had disappeared with her friends in the crowd.

With his brain all in a whirl he went away.

He could not bear the noise and bustle and the chit-chat of acquaintances—all eager to show their intimacy with the artist of the day—any longer, and he walked rapidly away along Picca-dilly—westward—not caring much whither his steps led him. A man watched him away from Burlington House, and cursed him with curses

not loud, but deep.
"Let him go!" "Let him go!" he muttered. "My time will come; I'll have him and her too. The pound of flesh that I will take from them both will feed my revenge, if it will do nothing else. And then he blasphemed—"Promiscuous," as the policeman said, who presently ordered him to move on or hold his tongue—till it made a man's hair stand

on end to hear him.

And Cuthbert Clitherce, ignorant that he had an enemy on the face of the earth, went home to Mrs. Larkine's house—for prosperity had not taken him away from his old place, except that he had moved down to the first floor, and was the good lady's especial pride and boast—and ordered dinner, which tasted like dry chaff when he got it, and could not be eaten by reason of "Miss Morrison."

Trying to read was no better, and work was not to be thought of! When should he see her again? Where would they meet?—for of course they would meet now? Ah! it was no use.

He would go out, take a turn round the parks

and see if the fresh air in the twilight would bring

him back to sense and reason.

He thought he would look up Sam and his Polly, but they were both out. Gone to some of the entertainments that Polly's soul loved, and not likely to be in till late.

He must go for his walk alone, and see what

the nodding trees and the silent stars would do towards restoring his equanimity. The park was very silent, and in a side path he threw himself down on a seat and thoughtthought of his strange marriage and his better fortune, since which he began to understand now; and then of Rome and Miss Morrison and her witcheries, and of—Ah! what was that streak of fire that ran across the sky? and why did earth, trees and stars all come together with a crash? Whence came the blows that were being rained down on his defenceless head, atriking him to the ground insensible, and staining the grass with blood splashes?

Vainly he tried to shriek-to gasp out cries for help. His life was being battered out of him, and there was no one at hand to save or give the

alarm.

The stars were coming back again to their places in the sky, surely, and the trees were waying still, and it had been a dream! No; there was only one star—a faint twinkling light, and the trees were shadows, and he was as weak as a baby and lying somewhere—in his own bed, for was the sprawling-patterned cretonne that Mrs. Larkins prided herself upon, and there was a woman's face bending down over him—his "Portia's" face.

It was all a dream-it was not true; and overpowered with the magnitude of his discovery that

e was still alive—he slept.

When he woke again he was sure where he was. There was no lamp-light now, but daylight and Polly—Sam's Polly, sitting by his side; hermerry face grave and pale, and her eyes were swelled as if she had been weeping. What could she have to cry about? She was always such a cheery little woman. He would have put out his hand to her, but to his amazement he could not move it—nor speak, though he tried. She was quick to see the change in him, and a glow of delight came into her face.

"Do you know me?" she asked, very softly, and he framed the word "Yes," with his lips, wondering much at himself. And she went away,

after putting something to his lips which reviv him very much. Then she turned into Mrs. Larkins, crying over him; and Cuthbert's tongue was loosed by the apparition.

"What the deuce is the matter?" he asked, and Mrs. Larkins choked, spluttered, and had to be taken away till she could compose herself, and Sam and Polly came back.

From that hour his recovery was rapid, and he was able to hear what had befallen him.

He had been savagely attacked in the park, and would have been killed but that a policeman had followed the man who had nearly murdered him.

Who was it ?" Cuthbert asked. "I have not an enemy in the world. Why should any one want to kill me?"

Because you are Margaret Huntley's husband," was the answer. "Your assailant was the man who came here once and wanted to break your neck, I identified him yesterday

"Where? What have they done with him?" No one has done anything. He is dead. died in the cell where he was put on remand to wait for your death or recovery. He must have been in the last stage of disease and wretchedness, and they found him dead. The world is well rid of him.

In a very few days Cuthbert was pronounced.

out of immediate danger.

For more than a week he had been utterly, usensible and face to face with death, the doctors giving it as their opinion that it was impossible e could recover, or if he did that it would be to be an idiot or an imbecile for the rest of his life.

The faculty are not always right, as the event

proved.

"Sam," suddenly said Cuthbert, one day after he had been allowed to sit up in bed, and was promoted to something more in the way of diet than gruel and weak beef ten, "I want you to tell me something."

"Fire away, what is it ?"

"Only I want an honest answer, mind. Do you think the doctors were wrong when they said I should go mad?"

"Wrong i of course they were. What par-ticular phase of madness do you propose to develop? Your brain is as healthy as ever, if it is not quite so strong. Don't fancy such things."

'I don't think I am fanciful, but there is thing. I see things and people that—that are

not here, you know, and—"" what are the visions like?" asked Sam, demurely, "flying hyenas, or striped pigs with curly tails, or what?" Ah I don't laugh at me, old friend-I am

serious. Tell me, has there been a woman here besides Polly and Mrs. Larkin?"

"Woman! What woman should there be?"
"I knew it," Cuthbert said, sadly. "I cannot rely upon my brain. Day after day—evening the my wife. The after evening—I have seen her—my wife. The first time I opened my eyes after the smash I saw her here bending over me as I have longed wife. to have her, and-

"You have ner, and—""You have her enough," Mr. Singleton said, gravely. "You have had her in your mind—that will account for the faury. I would not think about it any more if I were you; people have all sorts of queer dreams in delirium, you know. It will pass away."
"Not till my life passes away, Sam. I would give it all to see her again."

Sam insisted on his going to sleep forthwith, and administered a sedative which was to be given on any appearance of excitement, and Cuthbert feil asleep, declaring that he should never sleep again. And while he sleept Sam changed into the lady of his dreams—his "Portia" herself. Sweet and gracious there she sat, with a sorrowful anxiety in her fair face, and a gentle hand touched his wasted fingers as they lay outside the counterpane.
"I am going mad!" he muttered. "They

wore right, after all; but is is a sweet madness."
"Not yet, Cuthbert!" and the dear eyes looked into his own and filled with pitying tears, "not while I can help to keep you with us.

No, it is no dream-I am here."

It was a risky experiment, and Mr. Singleton feared greatly for the effect of the agitation. when he peeped in, a few minutes afterwards, Cuthbert was dozing with his head on the soft, white hand of his wife, and she put up a warning.

finger to silence him.

"All will be well, I hope!" she said, softly; and all was well. In a week Cuthbert Clitheroe had recovered sufficiently to leave his room, and in a month he had gone abroad for the complete restoration of his health; and the newspapers announced the departure of "Mr. and Mrs. Clitherce" for the Continent. And the world wondered and talked, and never came to a proper conclusion of how everything had been brought about. And gossip ran high about Miss Huntley's marriage, and where it had been celebrated, till a reporter got hold of the story, and published it for the benefit of society in general, for whose opinion the two people most concerned cared not one whit

The story is an old one now, and the artist has long ago risen to the very top of the tree. He did not give up his art when he found his wife and her fortune. Prosperity had not made him idle; it had rather given him a fillip, and he has done many a struggling friend goo service since he has come to be a power in the

Academy, "Sam" has risen, too; and he and Polly are frequent guests at Cuthbert's house. Tre-wurgie is the favourite place of both himself and his wife. It is so out of the world that they like the quiet of it. She is the mysterious owner whose name Mr. Elkington could not remember; and it is there that the rejected picture and the famous one hang side by side, and Margaret declares that the "Beatrice" is the better of the

Cuthbert likes it best, too. And sometimes when his children ask him why, he laughs, and says that it was through the rejection of that picture by the hanging committee that he came to hear of something to his advantage.

[THE END.]

FACETLE.

ETHEL: "Who is your favourite painter of the human face?" Jack: "You."

HIGHER: "There goes a man who takes things as he finds them." Robbins: "A philosopher?" Highee: "No, a ragpicker."

Viaron: "That painting is by an old master, I see." Mrs. McShoddie (apologetically): "Y-e-a; but the frame is new."

A COUNTRY cometery has the following notice over its entrance-gate :- "Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here."

MRS. MAX: "I see by the society notes that Mrs. Gadabout was 'at home' yesterday." Mrs. Mix: "Where else should she be on such a disagreeable day ?

CONDUCTOR: "Fare, please, sir." Mr. Hold-tight: "You have had it once." Conductor: "I don't recollect it." Mr. Holdtight: "And you won't re-collect it, either."

"This is a very comprehensive anow-storm," semarked the snake editor. "What do you mean by that?" asked the horse editor. "It covers the ground."

CRANDDAUGHTER: "Mrs. Finetalk doesn't say punkin-pie; she says 'pumpkin.'" "Old Lady:
"She does, eh? Theu I'll bet a cookie she
doesn't know how to make one fit to eat."

De Bore: "How did you catch your cold?"
De Bristle: "You know colds are contagious?"
"Yes." "Well, I caught it asking other people how they caught their colds."

When perpendicular writing shall become universally prevalent there will probably be an absence of forgery, for that variety of writing can never be upright.

A LITTLE girl somewhat noted for her quaint and original sayings said the other day at the breakfast-table that "she had got a piece of bread head-first down her cough-pipe."

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician said. "If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"

HOUSEKEEPER: "Half the things you wash are torn to pieces," Washerwoman: "Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I only count them as one piece, mum."

"MARY," said the invalid to his wife, when the doctor pronounced it a case of scarlet fever, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a condition to give them something.

"I PROFOSS—" began the deliberate old lawyer, who called round to see a young widow on business; when his vivacious client exclaimed: "I accept." They are now partners.

"NAME something for which we ought to be thankful," said the teacher. "Mamma says we ought to be thankful that sister Sue is married " piped up little Freddy.

"What was the principal object of interest in America when you were there?" The eminent British novelist looked at his questioner with chilling scorn, and replied: "I was, of course,"

Tom: "What sort of a fellow is that Norris!" Kitty: "You know his brother Jack!" Tom: "No; never met him." Kitty: "Oh, well. "No; never met him." Kitty: "Oh, well. He is just as different from him as you can possibly imagine."

"I've always felt religiously inclined," re-marked the oyster, as it disappeared down the minister's throat; "but I don't know that I ever had an idea that I would finally enter the clercy."

Young Wife: "When my husband gets cross I always threaten to go home to my mother." Old Wife: "Mercy, child! how simple you are! You should threaten to have your mother come

MR. D'AVNUS: "My stars! More money? What on earth did you do with all I gave you last week!" Mrn. D'Avnue: "Well, I used a little of it in buying a new album for the photo-graphs of the dukes and princes I refused before I married you."

Hobbies: "My wife got me a box of cigars for a birthday present. But I'll be quits with her yet." Bobbies: "What will you do?" Hobbies: "I'm going to select her next hat myself.

MRS. STRONGMIND: "If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder they would soon win the suffrage." Dr. Guffy: "But, madam, that is something they can't do with the present style

"HE called me a gibbering idiot," shouted the violent man. "Now I ask you candidly, what do you think of that?" "I should first wish to know just what he meant by gibbering," rejoined the cautious party.

Miss Eva: "What's the reason they always have rocky passes and all that kind of thing in Irish plays?" Charles: "Because nothing could be more appropriate for Ireland than rocks!"

Buddins: "Why did Wigwag break off his engagement with Miss Oldgirl!" Muggins: "On account of her past." "What was the matter with it!" "Nothing, only he thought it was too long."

"I WONDER why Maxim's flying-machine is so long about getting out?" querted the scientific boarder. "As near as I can figure it out," said the Cheerful Idiot, "the trouble seems to be a defective flew

"Say," said the office boy, "I think the boss ought to gimme a bit extra this week, but he won't." "What for?" asked the book keeper. For overtime. I was dreamin' about me work all las' night."

MRS. McWork : "Old Bullion is makin' gobs o' money. Phy shud he be wantin' to rejuce your wages?" Mr. McWork: "Sure, Ol dunno. Maybe he do be thryin' to get rich enough to be a great pheelanthropist."

BUXER (who has hastily enapped up a bargain):
"By the way, you advertised that you had good
reasons for selling. I forgot to sak what they
were." Seller (grimly): "You'll find 'em out
fast enough. Ta, tal"

were." Seller (grimly): "You'll find 'em outfast enough. Ta, ta 1"

"Supross, Bobbie, that another boy should
strike your right cheek," saked the Sunday-school
teacher, "what would you do ?" "Give him the
other cheek to strike," said Bobbie. "That's
right," said the teacher. "Yesum," said Bobbie,
"and if he struck that I'd paralyze him!"

AUCTIONEER: "Here, gentlemen, we have a masterpiece from the brush of the famous painter, Schmierinsky, in a gold frame." Art Patron: "I offer three shillings." Auctioneer: "Three shillings? But, my dear sir, the picture alone is worth that much."

CITIZEN (excitedly): "Great William! See those children skating round that danger sign!"
Owner of Pond: "That's all right, The ice
there is perfectly safe. They think it's dangerous,
and stay on it. The thin ice is at the other end of the pond."

MR. Wickwirs: "You ought to be ashamed of the way you encourage that Mrs. Gassup to keep calling here. Do you really enjoy hearing your neighbours talked about!" Mrs. Wickwire: "No, I can't say that I do. But as long as I keep her here I know she is not talking about me."

EMPLOYER: "Late again, John; can't you manage to get here in time?" Employe: "I can't sleep o' nights, sir, and am apt to be late in the morning." "M'm sleepleasness. Why don't you consult a doctor and find out the cause?" "I know the cause, sir; it is six weeks old."

First OLD Stager: "I shall never forget the awful way my poor old father punished me when he caught me emoking one of his cigars." Second Old Stager: "Ah, indeed. He battered you pretty warmly, I suppose, eh?" "Not a bit of it." "No? Then what did he do?" "He made me finish it." FIRST OLD STAGER: "I shall never forget the

FORMER EMPLOYER: "Well, Jackson, what are you doing for a living now?" Jackson: "Ain't doin' nothin'; the missus takes in washin'." "Arn't you ashamed of yourself to allow your wife to support you by washing t " Jack-son: "Well, str. you see, the missus is mighty ignorant, and don't know how to do anything

A LADY was showing a visitor the family per-traits in the picture gallery. "That officer there in uniform," she said, "was my great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most

He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of mea. He never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm or a leg carried away." Then she added, proudly, "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

Thus is how a driver of the prison van, known as the "Black Maria" distinguished himself. A would-be wit on the causeway halled him. "Got any room inside, Robert?" "There's room for one," replied the driver. "We kept it for you." Not entirely disconcerted, the wit made another shot. "What's your fare?" he asked. The answer entirely extinguished him. "Bread and water—same as you had before."

bA STAR combination of music-hall artistes was DA STAR combination of music-hall artistes was illed to appear at a small town in the South of England the other week. On the opening night the "turns" appeared as advertised, but the audience failed to see saything funny in the show, and began to appear as lively as if they had been listening to a funeral oration. At last "the great negro comedian" came on, and commenced his performance with—"Ha, ha! I am enjoying myself!" This was too much for a grim-visaged Scotchman seated in the body of the hall, who abouted in a loud voice plainly audible all over shouted in a lond voice plainly audiole all over the building: "Get oot, ye silly, soft simpleton, you're the only one that is then!" Then the audience smiled.

The good-natured man who is always making mistakes rushed up to a dowager of the Vere de Vere circle the other day and exclaimed: "My dear Mrs. Blank! How are you! How surprised I am to—" Then he stopped. For the dowager had fixed him with a glassy stare through a tortoise-shell handled lorguette. "Ah! I do not know you," she said in the deep, incolent, disdainful Vere de Vere style of voice. "I beg you pardon," gasped the good-natured man, recovering himself. "I took you for friend of mine, but it was a mistake—thank Heaven!" The last words were uttered with such earnestness that everyone who had wit-THE good-natured man who is always making such carnestness that everyone who had wit-nemed the little econe giggled appreciatively, while the dowager reddened as angrily as if she had not belonged to the caste of Vore de Vers.

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SOCIETY.

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK continues to thrive well, and is a fine lively baby.

ONE of the specialities of this season will be red dresses trimmed with fur.

Ar a Royal dinner the male guests never remain behind for wine and nuts. When the Queen rises and leaves the room she is followed by everyone at the table, and the banquet is

The young Czarlna, it is well known, has always shown the highest regard and even respect for the opinions of her uncle, the Prince of Wales, and it is becoming clearly manifest at the Court
of St. Petersburg that various changes now in
progress are prompted by this induence, in
which she is happily joined by her young con-

The Prince of Wales is to visit Florence during the coming May. His visit will be in connection with a very important matrimonial alliance.

STRIFED silks will be employed for coloured Court costumes as well as white ones; a spray of gay blessoms figures between the stripes. An of gay blossoms figures between the stripes. An au de Nil satin has posies of red flowers and gress leaves scattered sparsely over it. Tinsel is often woven into the more costly brocades; and an effective gold-coloured brocade has a white silk ground, while others again have Louis XVI. garlands and knots of ribbon inter-

Professor von Angelt, who is to be at Darmstadt to meet the Queen at the end of April, his received a commission from Her Majesty to paint portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, which are to be added to the family gallery in the private apartments at Windsor Castle. Augeli has just finished a large portrait Castle. Angell has just finished a large portrait of the Empress Frederick, for whom he has sainted pictures of Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hessa.

Sin Henry Ponsoner is most unlikely ever to resume his duties as the Queen's private secretary, but that he will always be Her Majesty's confidential helper so far as his health will permit there can be no doubt. His duties will be divided between Sir Floetwood Edwards and Colonel Bigge, but that Sir Henry will remain in Her Majesty's service so long as he is capable of being of any use to his revered Sovereign there is no doubt. His eldest son, Captain Ponsonby, is now at home from the Cape, where he was acting as side-de-camp to Sir Henry Loch. The Queen takes a great interest in all the children of Sir Henry and the

Hon Lady Ponsonby.

An offering sent to the German Emperor from a German living at the Cape who owns the well-known "South African Ice Works" there conanown "South African Ice Works" there censisted of masses of exquisite flowers arranged in two long sprays each over a yard long, connected at the base by a design in black pansies, surcounded by white blowsoms representing the "Iron Cross" decoration so dear to every Teuton heart. The flowers, which included Maréchal Niel roses, as well as the most rare and exquisite blooms from the contract of Niel roses, as well as the most rare and exquisite blooms found at the Cape, were frozen in a column of sparkling ice, and were preserved during the voyage in an iron case in the freezing room of the vessel. This original present, and a somewhat similar one composed of equally lovely red flowers destined for the acceptance of Her-Majesty Queen Viotoria, were cut eight weeks before their arrival in Hamburg, and at once enclosed in their key prison. When displayed after their long voyage they were as fresh and bright in colour as on the day they were picked, and the effect was that of newly-gathered and the effect was that of r blossoms seen under a glass shade. newly-gathered

This Emperor and Empress of Russia have no intention of visiting England this year, but they will meet the Queen at Darmstadt at the end of April, when the German Emperor and Empress, the Empress Frederick, and the Duke and Duchess of Coburg are also to be the guests of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse for a few days.

STATISTICS.

THERE are no less than 59 High Streets in

A Pound of sheep's wool produces one square vard of cloth.

THERE were 600 persons injured by cycles in London during last year.

Accomping to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion.

THERE are more owners of land in the United States than in any other country. There are now eighteen million, while France has but forty-five hundred thousand, and Great Britain less than thirty thousand. Half the land of fingland is owned by less than one hundred and fifty persons, and half the land of Scotland by not more than a dozen persons.

GEMS.

One may live as conqueror, a king or a magis-trate, but he must die as a man.

PATIENCE, humility, and utter forgetfulness of self are the true royal qualities.

THE shortest way to arrive at glory should be to do that for conscience which we do for glory.

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meannes where, although both parties intend deception, neither is deceived, since words that cost little are exchanged for hopes that cost loss.

HAPPINESS is a normal and rightful condition, one which should be expected and valued, and within certain limits sought for self and others. But it is never the whole of life—only a part, and a part which cannot be exacted. Life contains it; but it also contains a great deal more—work, service, manhood, duty, responsibility.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

CURRANT PUDDING .- Some skins, three quarters of a pound stale bread crumbs, two ounces flour, half pound minced suet, quarter pound currants, two ounces sugar, quarter teaspoonful ground ginger or cinnamon; mix all together, and fill as catmeal puddings, and boil half an

PLAIN RAISIN CARE.—Three eggs beaten well with one cup of sugar, two thirds of a cup of milk, one half cup of melasses, one teaspoonful cream tartar, and one half teaspoonful soda. Add spices to suit the taste, one half cup butter, and two cups of chopped raisins with currants and citrons as desired. Frost with the white of one egg beaten stiff with two thirds of a cup of sugar.

PRESERVED RHUBARB.-Four pounds rhubarb, four pounds sugar, quarter ounce ginger. Wash each stick of rhubarb and dry it with a cloth, cut each stick of rhubarb and dry it with a cloth, cut it up in inch lengths, and spread it out on a tray to dry for twenty-four hours. Then put the sugar in a jelly pau, with a small pot of red currant or gooseherry jelly, and let it all melt and then bell. Failing the jelly put in one teacup of water. When it boils five minutes put in the rhubarb and let it boil half an hour. Put it in pots.

A JULIANO, -Stew two pounds of fruit in a little water until very soft, then atrain through a hair sieve. Almost any fruit will do. Early in the season gooseberries and currants are excellent for the purpose; but plums, especially dark ones, apples and quinces together, blackberries, oranges, et cetera, are all good. Put the juice on to boil, adding to it three-fourths of its weight in easter ways. sugar. When boiling stir into a large cupful of sago, previously soaked in cold water for several hours. Boil for twenty minutes, or till transparent, pour into moulds, and let it remain until stiff and cold. Serve with a little cold cream.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To be perfectly proportioned a man should weigh 28lb, for every foot of his height.

THE Algerian mountain, Dshebel Naibo, is slowly sinking. In the time of Cassar it 1,400 feet high; now it is only 800.

During the years immediately preceding the American Civil War £200 was a common price for a healthy young negro man.

The highest temperature in the world is recorded in the great desert of Africa, where the thermometer often marks 150 degrees Fahren-

THE most elaborate experiments that have so far been made in aerial propulsion show that the screw is the device which exerts the greates? propulsive power in the air.

No watch keeps perfectly correct time, and even the best chronometers used in observatories and on board ships must be regulated according to tables which are kept to fix the variations to which all watches are liable.

ONE of the most remarkable portions of the report which deals with insanity in Ireland is concerned with the use of tea and tobacco. It tells us that, in some cases, mental failure is caused by the immoderate use of these commo-

Eveny true Mohammedan endeavours to make at least one journey to Mecca during his lifetime. Want of funds keeps the majority from going more than once, while the wealthier class go as many as five or six times. The poor save and their whole lifetime to put by enough to enable them to perform the journey. Last year, out of 95,000 pilgrims to Messa, no fewer than 5,000 died from various causes

The dancing beans which have of late been such a popular novelty in the United States are the seed of a shrub abundant in parts of Mexico. Their movements are caused by the antics of the corpocapea saltitans, a larva, imprisoned in the bollow shell of the bean, which appears to be the prey of a futile desire to see more of the world. His violent efforts to do so have given a value to the bean which it does not possess intrinsically.

MANUFACTURERS and consumers have tried in vain to find some substitute for genuine whalebone, but thus far without success. A novelty is made of strips of leather treated with chemicals and shaped under hydraulic pressure. This material will answer the purpose tolorably well, provided no moisture reaches it. But when used in wearing apparel the perspiration and the warmth of the body very soon warp these bones and render them not only useless but unpleasant, as they twist and destroy the symmetry of the garment.

IF platinum continues to advance in price gold will soon be no longer distinguishable as the precious metal, as the continued rise will cause gold to be as cheap in comparison as silver is to gold. The cause of this is that platinum is gold. greatly in demand for electrical purposes, and the output of the mines has not kept up with the demand. As electricity is brought home to the public the demand and price will increase, for there are several uses to which platinum is put for which no other metal has yet been found

Among the Canton houses there are occasional exceptions to the usual one-storied or low con-structions. Some of these are built like square towers four or five stories high, with no outside windows have at a considerable distance above the ground, and no outside projections by which These establishments are thieves might get in. called pawnshops, but they appear to me more to resemble our banks where we place deeds and other valuables. I understand it is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there in summer their winter clothing, and loom may be obtained against the goods stored. To have dealings with a pawnshop is in no way considered derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TROUBLED. - Nothing can be done.

C. U.—He was not of much repute.

ARTRUR.-Let a lady friend select for you.

J. S. F .- We do not undertake to teach trades.

Mandataous. - We cannot ascertain the private address of the gentleman.

BERT.—Begin with a good grammar, dictionary, and exercise book.

Discourages.-Try and try again until you obtain a berth; there is no other way.

ALVA.—Naval salutes to the flag are as old as the time of Alfred the Great.

K. G.-We have no knowledge of the measurement you require. VERY EAGER. -It would be against our rule to comply

with your request.

Puzzler.—The nineteenth century will be completed on Documber 31st, 1900. -If the ordinary English stamps they have no

MINNIS.—In Germany's military schools English is being substituted for French.

FATTY.—All stout persons find hot baths useful for reducing corpulence. Try them.

Torry.—If we knew which one you were aiming at we might be able to advise.

GRITA.—Sponging with benzine more or less diluted ith water as occasion may require.

Hat.—Much depends on the rules of the corps. Why not ask the adjutant or sergeant-major?

DISTRACTED.—Any chemist would sell you a prepara-tion for the purpose, or you could have it extracted.

S. P.—A working naturalist accustomed to stuffing birds and bearts would probably be the safest.

COLUM.—Candlemas Day was first established as a festival by Pope Gelasius in the fifth century.

KERILWORTH.—Do not keep your canary birds too

CONSTANT READER.—It would take more space than we can space in this column to properly answer your question.

COOK.—A ham is greatly improved if, after be boiled, it is wrapped in buttered paper and baked for hour.

Interests. - Insentty is assuredly hereditary, although it may be induced in an individual by victous courses or socidents.

JOHNNIA.—Soldiers in Highland regiments are not allowed to wear pants under their kits even if they issired to do so.

Wattr. - Dry snuffs are prepared from tobacce that has been subjected to a high temperature before the leaf is ground.

CLAIRE.—We cannot quite gather from your letter bat the materials affected are, but in any case plenty warm water is the only remedy.

Sweet Sixteen.—The name Munich is derived from the fast that the monks owned the property on which the town now stands.

ROBERT.—Swallows fly low before rain because the insects they pursue are them near the ground to escape the molature of the upper air.

RUPERT. - London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other. And every year sees about twenty miles of new streets added to it.

A. M.—It is stated by the attendants at the Zoological Gardens that no ape will sleep flat on his back, as adult man often de

META.—If to keep for colouring sugar, cooking, or household purposes we advise you to use cochineal. You cannot preserve the other.

J. F. B.—Orickets are held by the superstitious to ring good luck to a house, and to kill one is unlucky. they forsake a house a death will follow.

HETTY: Lavender is rarely given in its crude state. It is an aromatic stimulant and tonic. It is considered very useful in certain conditions of nervous debility.

Bushman.—Bio is no more Brazil than London is England; it may be said to be a country in itself; the dimate is very fine, and the city one of the most beau-tiful in the whole world.

Panov.—The mole is not blind, as many persons uppose. Its eye is hardly larger than a pin-head, and carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of

C. J. T.—The ideal temperature in a living room for healthy adults is sixty-five degrees. For small children it should be at least five degrees warmer, and the same for an invalid or convalescent.

Anxious to Know.—The only course is to offer your-self for examination at the public competitions for the several situations; in most cases nomination to the me Secretary by a member of Parliament is the first step required.

LAVISIA.—To clean mica, or "isinglass," in stoves, when smoked, take it out and thoroughly wash it with vinegar a little diluted. If the black does not come off at once, seak the mica in the vinegar for a little while.

OSE WHO WARTS TO KNOW.—The State does not contribute a single farthing; the Church is entirely supported by endowments and donations from private

REGULAR READER.—Respect ahould be always the basis upon which to build one's hopes of continued communical felicity. Without it so-called love will wither

C. R.- The Inland Revenue authorities will not pro soute anyone for falling to put a stamp upon a receipt for two pounds or more except it is proved to their esti-faction that this was done with the clear intention to defraud the revenue.

CURIOUS.—The first use of gas in a place of public amusement was in the Lyocum Theatre in London in 1903. It was began as an experiment, and for a time was discontinued because the audience complained of the odour.

Florage.—Try a little borax powder and boiling water poured through as above, and if it does not yield then try the salts of lemon powder, first wetting the portion to be treated, and when atrained over the basin pour on boiling water, and well wash out the salts of

Cissy.—It is eaid that flowers, when freely out, may be placed in a box and fine, clean sand sprinkled around them until they are satirely covered. Then allow them to remain undisturbed for several days, when a small opening may be made in the box and the sand drawn off gradually. Care must be taken that the weight of the sind does not break the flower-stalks.

THE BUSY MAN

Ir you would get a favour done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
On which you can depend,
Don't go to him who siways has
Much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favour done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man with lessure never has The man with issure never has a ranneath to can spare.
He's always "putting off," until His friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour is crowded full of work
Pergota the art of wasting time;
He cannot stop to shirk.

So, when you want a favour done, And want it right away, Go to the man who constantly Works thirty hours a day. He'll find a moment sure, somewhere That has no other use, And fix you, while the idie man Is framing an excuse.

W. H. H.

MURIEL.—Your friend may be all that you represent her to be, but if she lack discretion in speech and modesty in manners her good qualities either of mind or heart will be overnisdowed and go for naught. A vivacious girl is siways admired, but she must be care-ful not to offend what are called "the proprieties" of rood society.

H. T. U.—You have had, seemingly, great persistency in the pursuit of other objects, and if you really desire to succeed in your present undertaking, we have no doubt of your signal triumph. Housekeepers have their trials of a peculiar character, and when they overcome them they deserve great praise for their patience and

H. F.—Your thoughtfulness in regard to the future is to be commended, and if you can succeed in laying aside even a small sum for use in a time of real want, you will have accomplished something of importance. Self-denial must be practised by every one once in a while, and you must feel all the better for having been resolute in defying temptations to be extravagant.

Nassiz.—To make gumbo soup, cut up one chicken, wash, dry, and flour it thoroughly; add sait and pepper: fry very brown in a skillet with an egg-size lump of lard. Put it into a soup kettle with five quarts of water; add one onton cut up, and let it boil two hours; add two dosen okra pods, and let boil another hour. Be sure that it is seasoned to tasts, and serve with rice

O. M.—By bringing your judgment to bear upon the amount of exercise you are capable of enduring without injury to the physical frame, you can soon arrive at correct conclusions respecting outdoor recreation of every kind. When it is over, and you see not not ill effects from it, you may assure yourself that you have not carried it to excess, and that its continuance is fully justified.

-Camomile is an excellent tonic. MOLLY-CODDLE.—Camounde is an excellent tonic. To prepare tes of it, put into a China teapor shout twenty-five good-sized camountie flowers, and pour over them one pint of boiling water. After the infusion has stood half an hour, pour it off into a wine bottle, and, if desired, sweeten it with a little sugar or honey; but it is better unswestened. Poss, a wine-glassful three times a day, just before eating.

ONE INTERESTRED.—Literature is as much a profession s medicine or law, and, as a means of livelihood, is cer-siniv an honourable one. Many process write because ONE INTERPETAD.—Literature is as much a profession as medicine or law, and, as a means of livelibood, is one tainly an homourable one. Many program write because they make their living that way, while others write for fame. A few write for the good they hope they may be able to do, and coessionally there is one who writes be able to do, and coessionally there is one who writes be the satisfaction of seeing his name in print. Some of these people ask no other compensation than the privilege of airing their views in the local Press.

Brity.—Place six ounces of sifted flour upon a marble alab or pasteboad; make a well in the centre by spreading the flour out in the form of a ring with the best of the hand; then place therein a little sait, and and a tempoonful of water to melt it; after which add the yolks of five aggs, and kneed the whole well together into a firm, smooth, compact paste; after allowing it to rest for tan innutes, roll it out as thin as paper, and then divide it into bands three inches wide; out these into very fine shreds, and spread them upon a large sieve to dry.

UNHAPPY Man.—Lovers' quarrels are generally regarded as easy of settlement, and we trust that in your case it will prove ao. But if it be otherwise, we advise you to do your part to wards bringing about a reconciliation as soon as possible, for if the cause of your quarrel be suffered to remain unexplained or unatonad for any length of time, the rounion may never come. Let no trivial misunderstanding keep you and your lover apart. Life is too abort to be wasted in reginings for what might have been had we not yielded to unil-tempers and sulky moods.

and surry moods.

S. O.—The result is cortain to be variatious in the extreme, as the instrument will assuredly cesse to record owing to its being improperly refilled; we may say however, that mercury is cleaned by being well shaken up in highly dilated pure nitric seld, washed in distilled water and dried; after the mercury is filled in, the tabe is boiled to exclude all air and water; or the mercury my be boiled in an atmosphere of carboilo seld, and pound into the heated tabe by a filler which goes to the bottom of it; either way, the utmost care and skill are necessary to make a perfect job of the operation.

to make a perfect job of the operation.

CATHIE.—To make Wercestershire sauce in large quantities mix together one and a half gallons of while wine vinegar, one gallon of mushroom catsup, half a gallon of Mahdedra wine, half a gallon of Canton soy, two and a half pounds of meist sugar, mineteen ounces of all, three ounces of powdered capsicum, one and a half onness of chutney, three-quarters of an ounce each of cloves, mace and chanamon, and six and a half drams of cloves, mace and chanamon, and six and a half drams of assafetida dissolved in one pint of brandy twenty above proof. Boll two pounds of hogs liver for twelve hours in one gallon of water, adding water as required to keep up the quantity; then mix the bolled liver throughly with the water. Strain it through a coarse since. Add this to the sauce, to make which in small quantities, for home use, reduce the proportion of the ingredient by about one-third.

Canally a "Operand-a half breakfast cupfuls of flour.

home use, reduce the proportion of the ingredients by about one-third.

Canotura.—One-and-a-half breakfast cupfuls of four, quarter pound butter, half teaspoonful baking powder. One pound dour, half pounds ugar, two pound raisins, two pound currents, quarter pound almonds, quarter pound orange peel, one ounce ginger, half ounce clumson, half ounce Jamaica popper, one teaspoonful exhauster of sods, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, half teaspoonful black popper, one breakfast cupful militake one-and-a-half breakfast cupful of flour, and isto quarter pound of butter and half teaspoonful of baking powder, onix it to a firm paste with water, and relicutints a thin sheet. Grease the inside of a cake-pan, and line it neatly with the paste, reserving a piece the sine of the pan for the top of the bun; now put together in a large basin the following ingredients:—One pound flour, half pound sugar, two pounds large blue rainfas (atoned), two pounds currants (well water) rubbed and ploked, quarter pound orange peel, quarter pound almonds, half ounce ginger, half ounce cinnamon, half cures Jamaica pepper, half cure Jamaica pepper, half cure cinnamon, half cures of tartar, and one small breakfast cupful of milk, or just as much as barely moistess it all, mix it all thoroughly with the hands, and put the mixture into the lined that; make it fat on the try, wet edges round, and put on the ploes of paste reserved for the purpose; prick it all over with a fork, break over with egg, and put it in the oven for about two-and-a-balf hours; the additional of currants makes this a much richer cake, but the receipt given is a good plain one.

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